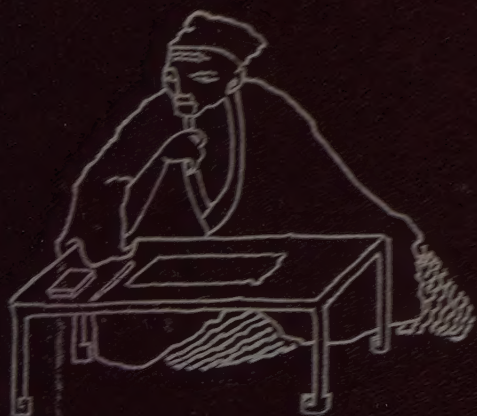


THE ❧ ❧ ❧
IDLE THOUGHTS
OF A RECLUSE ❧

TRANSLATED BY
T. WAKAMEDA



THE IDLE THOUGHTS OF A RECLUSE:

BEING

A TRANSLATION OF THE TSUREZURE GUSA

BY

Yoshida Kenko

TRANSLATED BY

T. Wakameda



The longer thread of life we spin.

The more occasion still to sin.

Robert Herriek (Cf. No. VII.)

To Wilson Crewdson, Esq., J. P., M. A.,

This Book

Is Respectfully Dedicated

by

The Translator

Southside,

St. Leonards-on-Sea.

18 February, 1914.

Dear Mr. Wakameda.

I thank you for your welcome letter of the 31st January, in which you intimate your intention of dedicating to me your translation of the *Tsurezure Gusa* by Yoshida Kenko. I can assure you that I esteem it a high honour to have my name in any way connected with the author of this celebrated Japanese book and with yourself with whom I have spent so many hours in trying to obtain some knowledge of the literature of Japan.

I have never had an opportunity of seeing the *Tsurezure Gusa*, but I look forward to reading your translation of the work of that celebrated Philosopher Yoshida Kenko with much pleasure.

With kindest remembrances,

Yours very truly,

Wilson Crewdson.

T. Wakameda, Esq.,

Tokio,

Japan.

PREFACE

Yoshida Kenkō, the author of this well-known book, was born in the 6th year of Kō-an (1283). He was the son of Kaneaki Urabe, a remote descendant of Nakatomi no Kamatari, who had played so conspicuous a part in the history of Japan. Until he became a recluse, which he did at the age of forty-two, he had been a court official, his name being Kaneyoshi. Kenkō was his name as a bonze. As the writer of the *Tsurezure Gusa*, too, he is better known to posterity by the name of Kenkō Hōshi or Monk Kenkō. Kenkō was versed in Confucianism, and also a student of Rōshi and Sōshi. As a poet, he ranks high, and was looked upon as one of the four great poets of those days (Ton-a, Jōben, Keiun, and himself). His poems are included in the *Fuga Shiu*, *Shin Senzai Shiu*, *Shin Go-Shiui Shiu*, and *Shin Zoku Kokin Shiu*, which are collections of celebrated poets of old times. Kenkō was a lover of nature, his taste and daily life being reflected in his famous prose work. He died on the 8th of April in the 1st year of Kwan-ō (1350), and lies buried at Narabi-ga-Oka.

The *Tsurezure Gusa* occupies a high position in Japanese literature, and even in the present days has as many readers as the *Genji Monogatari*, *Heike Monogatari*, and *Taiheiki*. So simple, so

elegant, so archaic is his style, but at the same time is too monotonous to suit a longer prose tale or writing. The present book is a sort of collection of epigrams. As he was a recluse, some Buddhistic shadows lie disclosed or hidden *au fond* throughout his book. His view of life fluctuates between pessimism and optimism, inclining rather towards the former.

The Translator has attempted to make an unabridged and literal translation of the text, to the best of his ability; but how could we expect a perfect translation from one who ventures to render a book of his country into a foreign language? If, therefore, the reader be satisfied with a glimpse of the shadow of a Japanese recluse until an abler hand reveals the whole before him, the Translator will be none the less satisfied.

The illustration here inserted has been taken from the *Ehon Tsurezure Gusa* by Sukenobu Nishikawa.

T. WAKAMEDA.

Tokyo, April, 1914.

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THE TSUREZURE GUSA.

INTRODUCTORY.

AS I remain idle and weary, I sit all day long face to face with the ink-slab, and scribble down whatever comes across my mind. It seems strange and demented.

I

NOW, there may be plenty of things a man, born in this world, wishes for. The throne of a *mikado* is most noble. The descendants of a prince are still noble because of their not being of a common family. No mention is needed of the rank of *Ichi-no-hito*¹; even an ordinary man, when granted the rank of *Toneri*,² will be looked upon as distinguished. His sons and grandsons, though destitute and

impoverished, are still graceful. As for persons lower in rank, they may be proud of their timely prosperity and look important, but it is a most disagreeable thing.

To be a bonze is the least enviable. Sei Shōnagon³ may well remark that a bonze is thought as if a piece of wood. A powerful bonze may speak in a roaring voice, yet does not appear great. He is, as Saint Zōga⁴ phrases it, burdened with honour and exposed to a constant fear of going astray from the teachings of Buddha. But, one who has really abandoned the worldly things, may prefer his easy life much better.

It is preferable that a man has a handsome aspect and appearance: if he speaks genteelly and has attractive manners and talks in few words, you will sit with him for a long time, and that without tiring yourself. Should a man who is thought handsome, disclose an inferior character, it would be a matter of regret. Although human looks and appearances are inherent things, the mind can be made wiser. It is a

pity that a man, good at heart and in appearance, if wanting in talent, will degenerate in character, mingle amongst ugly-faced people, and be treated as of little consequence.

The things a man wants to be versed in are Chinese classics, composition, Japanese poetry, music, court ceremonies, and state affairs ; it will be a nice thing to excel in them. It is well for a man to write a nice hand, to beat time in an amusing voice, and to condescend but not to appear vulgar.

II

HE seems so thoughtless who forgets the wise government of the ancients, to connive at the sorrows of the people and the ruin of the country, to be proud of pomp and ostentation, and to behave himself consequentially. "Make use of what you have, from dress and crown down to carriages, according to your means, and yearn not after splendour," are found in the Injunctions of Kujō-dono¹. And besides among the writings regarding Juntoku-in's² court

there are the words, "The Imperial court dress should be plain."

III

IF a man, however accomplished, is not fond of love, he appears lonely and may be likened to a bottomless jewel wine-cup. How sweet it is to wander wet with dew and frost, too full of thoughts to listen to the parents' expostulations and the laughters of the world, and to pass sleepless nights, lying alone! But a desirable thing it will be to be made much of by women, without being amorous.

IV

IT seems graceful to bear the future world in mind and to be devoted to the ways of Buddha.

V

IN a person who has abandoned the world, I like to see, not one who has listlessly shaved his head owing to his having unfortu-

nately sunk in grief, but one who lives unknown and lonely, and passes night and day without awaiting any one. As Akimoto Chūnagon¹ observes, I long to see the moon in a sequestered part of the country without being an exile.

VI

A MAN, whether high or low in rank, had rather not have children. Saki no Chūsho-ō,¹ Kujō no Dajō Daijin,² and Hanazono no Sadaijin³ all wished their descendants had become extinct. Somedono no Otodo,⁴ too, remarks in the *Yotsugi no Okina no Monogatari*⁵ that he wished he had no descendants, for a bad descendant, as he believed, was a disgrace to the family. When Prince Shōtoku⁶ had a tomb of his own erected, he told them to cut this part or that; by which the prince is said to have meant to have no descendants.

VII

IF the dews of Adashi Field¹ did not vanish, and the smoke of Mt. Toribe² remained for

ever without scattering away (should a man live forever), would there be sympathy in the world? It is good the world is changeable. Look at all living things: nothing lives longer than man. The day-fly dies in the evening; the summer cicada knows not spring and autumn. There is a great pleasure even in living an appreciable life of a year. If you loved life too much to get weary of it, a thousand years would seem to you like a night's dream. What though you live to await an ugly-growing figure in this everlasting world? The longer you live, the more shame. It will be well for a man to die before he is forty.

A man above this age becomes less ashamed of his appearance and desires to be more social by mingling among people. It is enough if a man lives to see his descendants in a happy condition; it is regrettable that his love of life grows deep and the sense of sympathy remote from him.

VIII

NOTHING misleads a man more than sexual desire. The heart of a man is a foolish thing: perfume is a borrowed thing, yet he, who knows the sweet smell comes from the perfumed gown, will be madly charmed with it. Saint Kume¹ is said to have lost his supernatural power of flying at the sight of the white thigh of a woman who was washing things. Well may the heart be distracted to see the real colour of the beautiful fatty limb!

IX

A WOMAN is conspicuous when she has beautiful hair. Her character and temper are known by the way of his speech, even though she is out of sight. It is merely out of love that a man is too often infatuated, and a woman does not sleep a sound sleep, grows regardless of her person and can bear what she otherwise could not. As a matter of fact, the way of love is deeply rooted and derived from a distant source.

Many are the desires of the senses, but all of them can be repressed with one exception. The old and young, the wise and foolish, equally seem to be unable to refrain from this blind passion.

So, it is said that a huge elephant can tamably be fastened with a rope of woman's hair, and autumn stags can be collected by blowing a flute made out of a wooden clog which has once been worn by a woman. It is this passion that we should guard ourselves against, and dread and forbear.

X

IT is diverting to see an elegantly, yet simply, built house, though it is a temporary dwelling. The moonbeams seem more beautiful when they have found their way into a house a man of taste lives in happy and contented. The trees which, though not tantalising as modern ones, suggest the antiquity of their existence; the grass in the garden which reminds us of nothing artificial, but of natural growth; the

bamboo-made veranda and fence which appear tasteful; the utensils simple and old-fashioned:— all these are exceedingly pleasing.

It will be rather unpleasant and disagreeable, however, to see the costly utensils, Japanese and Chinese, which many artists wrought out with might and main, and the trees and grass in the garden which are unnaturally bent and twisted. Who can live so long? It occurs to me, in the first place, that they are in danger of being destroyed by relentless fire into complete ashes.

A house is, as it were, the incarnation of one who inhabits it. Ropes were once stretched round the sleeping hall of Gotokudaiji no Otodo by way of keeping kites away. Saigyō,² seeing this, observed, "What disturbance can the kites make, I wonder? the prince's heart is anything but nice;" and it is said he never had presented himself there since then.

Ropes were again stretched above the roof of the Kozaka Mansion, where Prince Ayanokōji resided. I was then reminded of the above instance. It was owing, I was told, to the fact

that the prince became sorry to see a flock of crows come down and take some frogs in the pond. And I thought how tender his heart was. Tokudaiji, too, may have had some reason of his own for so doing.

XI

ONE October day I passed a place named Kurusuno and worked my way into a mountain village. At the end of a long, narrow, mossy lane, there stood a hermitage lonely and secluded. None seemed to visit here, save the water from a wooden pipe covered with dead leaves. But the hut appeared to be inhabited by some human beings, for I saw some chrysanthemums and maple boughs placed in careless order on the flowerstand. I had sympathetically been meditating, for some while, how a man could live in such a way, when my attention was called to a large orange tree in the yard yonder, bearing so abundant fruits that the branches were bent with their weight. Around the tree was an enclosure strictly set up. And

methought it would have been the better had there not been this tree.

XII

HOW consolatory it would be to talk with a person of the same mind and speak each other's mind as to how mutable as well as merry the world is! But alas! no such person can be found. If you sat in actual presence of a person whose view of things exactly coincides with yours, you would perhaps think as if you were left alone. As it is worth the hearer's while to listen to what the other truly says, a man of a little different opinion will be preferable to a better purpose; for they can discuss the difference in their views at will. You can gossip the more freely with one who argues and does not always agree with you. A pity it is to find a sort of prim earnestness in a true-minded friend.

XIII

IT is the most diverting thing to open a book by the solitary light and make companions of those who lived in the ages we have not seen. Most interesting are such old books as *Monzen*, each volume of which contains pathetic thoughts, *Hakushi Monjiu*, *Words of Rōshi*, *Book of Nankwa*, and writings by our men of learning.

XIV

JAPANESE verse is very interesting. The doings of quaint, lowly rustics themselves may turn out amusing, if they are described in verse; even the wild boar may seem to turn gentle, if we call him a *fusui-no-toko*.¹

We may find some dexterous expressions in the modern poems, but no profound thoughts seem to lurk therein. Although Tsurayuki's² verse beginning with *Ito ni yoru mono narana-kuni*³ is universally considered as the worst in the *Kokin Shiu*,⁴ yet no modern poet seems to

be able to sing such a one. Among the poems of those days we find many such-like ones. I know not why this poem alone has been thus criticised. In the *Genji Monogatari*⁵ the words *mono naranakuni* is replaced by *mono towa nashini*. The worst poem in the *Shin Kokin*⁶ is said to be the following one:—

Fuyu no kite
Yama mo arawani
Konoha furi
Nokoru matsu saye
Mine ni sabishiki.

The winter's come,
The mountain bare,
And down the tree-leaves fall and glide;
The pines are drear
And lonely on the mountain-side.

The above seems indeed a little too prosaic. But Iyenaga⁷ writes in his *Diary* that this poem was declared as nice in the case of *General Selection of Poetry*,⁸ and had been looked upon by the emperor with admiration since then.

Some say that the art of poetry remains unchanged as in old days; but, to my thinking, the words and *pillow-words*⁹ we now make use

of in versification are quite unsimilar to those employed by the ancient poets, whose verses show the simplicity and beautifulness of style, and appeal more to the heart. The poems of *Ryōjin Hishō* are full of touching thoughts. How is it, I wonder, what the writers of yore carelessly penned should convey us so much sense?

XV

I FEEL myself, as it were, awakened, when I make a short tour, no matter where it be. By rambling about hither and thither the the rural parts of the country, I meet with many strange things and customs. I send a letter to town by a man who is going there. It is delightful to send a message that this thing or that must not be forgotten to send at the earliest convenience. It is while travelling that we become careful every way. The good utensils I have brought with me prove more useful here. And here persons of ability or good appearance seem more conspicuous than ever.

It is also interesting to shut oneself up privately in a temple or a shrine.

XVI

KAGURA or sacred music is graceful and interesting. Of all musical instruments, the flute and *hichiriki*¹ have the sweetest melodies; what I always like to hear played on are the *biwa*² and *wagon*.³

XVII

TO shut oneself up in a mountain temple and be devoted to the Buddhistic services is diverting and seems to cleanse the turbid mind.

XVIII

A MAN should be frugal, reject extravagance, not care to amass a great fortune, and not be avaricious. Few wise men have ever become wealthy.

A Chinese, whose name was Kyo-Yū, had no property of his own. Seeing him drink water

out of the palm of his hand, a man got him a gourd. One day he hung it to the limb of a tree; the wind shook it to and fro, making a noise. He said it was obstreperous, and threw it away. And again he returned to his old habit of drinking water by means of his palm. How simple he was at heart! Son-Shin had no bed in the winter when the cold moon was shining upon him, and laid himself in the evening on a haystack, which he put away in the morning. Chinese people may have chronicled and handed down this anecdote to posterity because they have considered it remarkable. None of our countrymen can outlive their ages in this kind of history.

XIX

EACH season of the year brings its own touching thoughts. All people seem to say that autumn is the most pathetic season: they may be right. It is the vernal atmosphere that makes the heart most pleasant. The voices of birds have some vernal melodies in them;

the sunbeams appear merry and peaceful. When the grass about the hedge begins to bud, the vernal haze is getting dense and the blossoms begin to blow. Then it is that both wind and rain follow and continue: the blossoms precipitately fade away. We think compassionately of their fate until the trees are covered with green leaves. Though it may be owing to the name of *tachibana*¹ (*citrus nobilis*) that we are reminded of old times, yet the odour of the plum-blossoms leads us to look back into the past. The purity of the globe-flower, the frailty of the wistaria! Many things there are that we cannot throw out of our memory!

Some one has truly remarked that, when the *Kwan-Butsu*² and Festival³ come round, and the young leaves are growing coolly thick, sad thoughts and sense of solitude deepen within. How lonely it makes the heart to hear the water-rail sing in May, when the roofs are decorated with irises, and the young shoots of rice-plants are taken off. It is also touching to see the mosquito-fumigating fire burned in

a lowly cottage, in the yard of which white bottle-gourds are seen. The *Minazuki-baraye*⁴ is amusing too.

It is elegant to celebrate the festival of the *Weaver*.⁵ As it is growing cold in the evening, the wild geese come over cackling and the under-leaves of *hagi* turn yellow; it is in autumn only that we meet with various diverting things. And the morning after a storm is charming to see. Such observations are too much found and stale in the *Genji Monogatari*⁶ and *Makura no Sōshi*,⁷ but I may as well state similar things in different places. As it is unbearable to keep within what one wants to say, I will recount as my pen leads me. This is, of course, so trifling a diversion, that it is fit to be thrown away and unworthy of showing to others.

The sight of trees bare and withered in winter is as much affecting as that of autumn. It is beautiful to see a rill vapouring, in a frostwhite morning, with some dead maple leaves on its side. And it is most touching to behold people busy in the end of the year. The sky in which

a cold moon of the twentieth day hangs so desolate that nobody cared to look at it, will impart some sad thoughts to us. It is tender and noble to go on the message of *Obutsumyō*⁸ or *Nosaki*⁹. And to see them busy in performing public affairs and preparing for the coming new year, we become grave and solemn. It is diverting the day after *Tsuina*¹⁰ is *Shihōhai*¹¹. On the last day of the year, when it is getting very dark, people tap at others' doors, with lighted torches in their hands, and talk something loudly with them, and then hurry away into the darkness. But all becomes silence itself before it is dawn, and some sadness creeps into our minds to think the year is gone. The old custom of welcoming the dead, whose souls are said to return temporarily to their old homes, is not now observed in the capital; but it is interesting to note this is still performed in the eastern districts of the country.

Although the scene of the dawning day may not differ from that of the day before, yet all seem new to our senses, It is also tender to

see everything merry on the street, which is ornamented with pine-trees.

XX

A CERTAIN hermit, who had no ties or hindrances in this world, said that the only thing he was sad to part with was the scene of a dawning sky. I think that is right.

XXI

EVERY grief is forgotten by the sight of the moon. A man said there was nothing more amusing than the moon. Another refuted him, saying the dew was the most touching. Nothing in the world but is touching for some moments in the course of its existence. As to the moon and blossoms, no special mention is needed. The wind will bring some sad thoughts upon the minds of the common run. We are always delighted, no matter what season it be, to see the water running down pure and dashing against the rocks. I remember, with some tender

thoughts, having once read a poem containing these lines :—

The Gen and Shō run on east day and night :

They do not stop a moment for sad souls.

Kei-Kō, too, is said to have been delighted to roam by the side of a mountain rill and see the fish and birds. Most pleasant it is to wander about a place where people are not seen, and water and grass are pure.

XXII

I YEARN after the old days ; modern things are growing so mean and vulgar.

As to the beautiful utensils manufactured by artisans, the ancient types seem to be rather tasteful.

The words and expressions found in the old writings are beautiful. And the spoken language is getting coarse, to my regret. In days of yore people made use of such expressions as *Kuruma motageyo*¹, *hi kakageyo*², etc.; but nowadays they say *Motageyo*, *kakiageyo* in their stead. We should say *Tonomo-ryō no ninzu date*, but in

reality say *Tachi-akashi shiroku seyo*³. The Imperial Audience Seat of the *Saishōkō*⁴ should be called *Mikō-no-ro* but we say *kōro*. An old man said it was a matter of regret.

XXIII

ALTHOUGH we may live in a degenerate world, the sight of the Imperial Palace is time-honoured and unworldly and beautiful.

The words *rodai*¹, *asagare*², and the names of palaces and gates, may sound sweet; the *kojitomi*³, *koitajiki*⁴ and *takayarido*⁵, which are found in a lowly cottage even, still give us a happy idea. The words "Make preparations in the Ceremony Hall for the night" sound pretty to the ear. To hear them say, "Light the Imperial Sleeping Hall quickly" is also pleasant. It is interesting to see not only some ceremony performed in the Hall of *Jōkei*⁶, but also the knowing faces of the lower officials. To see them slumber here and there in so cold a night gives us some pleasing thoughts. "The sound of the bell of the

*Naishi-dokoro*⁷ is happy and graceful," says Tokudaiji Dajō-daijin.

XXIV

ONE who sees how the *Sai-gu*¹ lives in the *No-no-miya* will feel the sense of extreme tenderness and pleasure. It is also pleasant to hear them call Buddha *Nakago* and the Buddhist-scriptures *Some-gami*.

Every shrine has something attractive and charming. Its time-honoured forest shows something uncommon; and, what is more, its surrounding fence and the *sakaki*² to which white cotton-cloth is fastened are sacred to the eye. Those shrines which draw our special attention are Ise, Kamo, Kasuga, Hirano, Sumiyoshi, Miwa, Kibune, Yoshino, Oharado, Matsuo, and Umenomiya,

XXV

THE bed of the Asuka-river¹ is annually liable to change: this is a mutabled world. Time passes; things go off, Pleasure and sorrow

pass and repass. A place of pomp and grandeur turns into a deserted wilderness. A dwelling which remains unaltered is now inhabited by other persons. The peach-tree and plum-tree do not speak, so with whom can we talk of the old days?

Wretched are the ruins of a magnificent building, which prospered once in the old times we did not live in. To see the Kyōgoku-dono² and Hōshō Temple³, we learn to sorrow that the ancestors' wishes are half destroyed and things changed. Midō Dono⁴ had them built, donated many estates, and was proud that his family alone was guardians to the Mikado and rulers over the country forever. How could that nobleman foresee they should meet such a destiny? The large gate and *kondō*⁵ have stood until recent days, but the south gate was destroyed by fire in the Shōwa⁶ period. The *kondō* remains still ruined and unrepaired. Only the Muryōjuin remains as a memento. Nine statues of Buddha of a *jō* and six *shaku* high stand side by side and as holy as ever. The

tablet written by Kōzei Dainagon⁷ and the door with the characters written by Kaneyuki can be still clearly seen, which gives us some sad thoughts. And the Hoke Hall seems to exist still, but how can this remain as it now does? In some spots no traces but the foundations are visible, but nobody can tell for certain.

So it is to little or no purpose that a man makes a concrete plan for the distant future.

XXVI .

THE human heart is as mutable as the blossom in the wind. But, when you call to mind the old days that you had a friend dear to your heart, you will be sure to remember those touching thoughts that passed between you and your friend. If you live distant from such a friend, it will make you sad as if he or she were dead and gone for ever.

So, well might there be a person who feared that the white thread should be dyed and grieved that a road was divided into two.

Among the hundred verses of Horikawain

there is one as follows:—

Mukashi mishi
Imo ga kakine wa
Arenikeri
Tsubana majiri no
Sumire nomi shite

My lover's hedge I saw
In the old days has grown
Wild and worn, yet alone
The violets still blow
Mixt with miscanthus-blades.

It expresses the bard's lonely state of life to some extent.

XXVII

WHEN an accession ceremony is performed, and the Sword, the Jewel, and the Mirror, are handed down, we feel a boundless loneliness.

In the first winter after the abdication of the ex-emperor¹ he is said to have composed the following poem:—

Tomomori no
Tomo no miyatsuko
Yoso ni shite
Harawanu niwa ni
Hana zo chirishiku

The servants of Tonomori
Are gone off all,
And in the garden left unswept
The blossoms fall.

As people are so busy, no one presents himself at the ex-emperor's palace. It seems so lonesome. On such occasions a man discloses his inner heart.

XXVIII

THERE is nothing so lonesome as the year of an Imperial state mourning. It makes us feel unearthly to see the mourning palace hung with wooden boards and reed blinds, the cloth *mokou* simply arranged, the plain furniture used, and all the officers fully attired and armed.

XXIX

WHEN I meditate in silence, I impatiently yearn after the past in general.

After people have gone to bed, and when I take out some old things at random, by way of diverting myself for the long night, it seems

as if I were in the past to find some picture or writing by a dead person among the pieces of waste paper, which I am going to throw off. If even a letter of a living person, which has remained long forgotten, is found, it gives me some touching sensation, as I think when and in what year it was received. The utensils I have long been in possession of remain unaltered, and it makes me very sad.

XXX

NOTHING is more sorrowful than the death of a dear person. It makes one's heart uneasy to remove into a mountain village during the *Chiuin*¹, stay with many other devotees in an inconvenient and narrow place, and devote oneself to the sacred services. How quickly the days pass away! On the last day they behave so coldly, pack up their things wisely, without speaking anything with one another, and hasten their respective way. When they return home, they will find themselves still sadder.

It is proverbially said that such and such

things should not be done in consideration of our future. What should a man not do in such a world? I pity the human heart.

We do not forget our friends when they are long gone. One who has parted is getting less dear every day, says the proverb. So we may not think of them so dearly as before; we while away our time laughing and speaking nonsense.

A corpse is interred in a deserted mountain, and there a visit is paid on certain days only. Before long the *sotoba*² is covered with mosses, and the ground buried with dead. Nothing but the evening storm and night's moon calls there.

While the grove has a visitor, it may not be left uncared for; but the visitor too is gone shortly, and the descendants, who hear of their ancestor's name only, will not yearn for him so much. The reason is, that, as there is no one who remembers the anniversaries of his death by performing some holy service, his name is forgotten by degrees. The annual vernal grass may remind a poetic person of this solitary grave, but at last the old pine-tree near by,

which has often wept in storms, is crushed into faggots; the old tomb is ploughed into a rich-field, before a thousand years pass away. And a pity it is that no trace of it is found.

XXXI

ONE morning, when snow had delightfully fallen, a man sent a letter to a friend. The friend mentioned nothing of the snow in his answer. The man afterwards told me how he could listen to one who did not write even a single line, saying how he liked that snow. Now that the man is dead, I cannot forget him.

XXXII

ON the 20th day of September I was invited by a friend to see the moon. We wandered about looking at it until near daybreak. He then recollected an acquaintance's house, and was guided therein. The garden, wild and dewy, had some natural fragrance lingering in it, and imparted to me an idea of tenderness.

The companion came out without keeping me waiting so long. I was pleased at this sight, and kept looking within for some while: the master of the house, it seemed to me, opened the outer door a little wider, and with the intention of seeing the moon. If he had gone out of my sight then, how sorry I should have felt! How could he know there was one peeping at him? Such manners as his may be derived from one's daily culture only. I heard he died shortly after that.

XXXIII.

WHEN the present Imperial Palace was newly built, the men of learning, who were versed in old national customs, were admitted to see it. They all declared the building to be perfect and free from blemishes. The day of the emperor's removal approached. Genkimon-in¹, seeing this, said the comb-shaped window of Kan-in Done was round and had a frame. The Empress Dowager's suggestion was right. The misconstructed window, being dec-

orated with *yo*² and wooden margins, was replaces with a right one.

XXXIV

THE *kaikō* resembles a trumpet-shell, but is smaller and has a long slender mouth. This is found off the coast of Kanazawa, Musashi Province. The villagers call it *henatari*, I hear.

XXXV

IT is good that he who writes a bad hand scribbles down at will, but it is awkward to have some one write instead because he writes a bad hand.

XXXVI

WHEN a man, who has not long called to see the woman he loves, is brooding over his inconstancy, the timely arrival of a letter from her asking for a servant is so pleasing to him. Persons of such temperaments are nice. This is a certain man's observation; and he is right.

XXXVII

A MAN, who has become so intimate with his friend that he always speaks his mind to him, will sometimes turn reserved. Some will say it is needless to behave so now that they are so friendly, but meseems such a man is a nice one indeed. And it seems often good when a reserved man unbosoms himself.

XXXVIII

IT is foolish that a man becomes the servant of fame and money, has no time to be quiet, and is worried all his life.

If he has an ample fortune, he is poor in his conduct. It proves the go-between that purchases evil and incurs a misfortune. Even if he amassed an immense fortune and supported the polar star, it would be a trouble to others. It is insignificant to please the eye of a fool. A large carriage, a fat horse, ornaments of gold and jewel, seem to be trifles to a great-minded person. Throw off gold into the mountain, and

cast jewels into the abyss. He is a stupid man who is led astray by avarice.

It is advisable to leave an everlasting name to posterity. A man of rank and noble birth is not always an excellent man. Even a man of little ability and no accomplishments, if born in a high family and by good luck, may rise into distinction and prosperity. Wise men and sages will often be contented with low situations, and die without agreeing with the world. And it is unwise to wish for a high rank or position.

It is talent and wisdom that enable a man to leave a world-wide fame behind him. Strictly speaking, to love fame is to be pleased with the world's reputation. People who praise and censure do not stay long in the world; people who understand by report, will soon depart as well. Whom need we fear? To whom do we wish to be known? Fame is the beginning of slander. It is useless to leave a name after one's death: so it is foolish to wish for it too.

If, however, I speak on behalf of those who seek for knowledge and wish for wisdom,

knowledge will beget falsehood, and an accomplishment is the product of desire.

It is not true wisdom that we obtain by hearing and learning. What is true wisdom? Good and bad are one and the same at bottom. What is good? A true man has no wisdom, no virtue, no deed, no name. Who knows him? Who can convey his name to posterity? This is not to conceal his virtue, nor to keep his stupidity unknown. He is not in the sphere of wisdom and silliness, of gain and loss.

Such is a man who seeks for fame and fortune with a mind of delusion. Everything is all bad. It need not be mentioned, it need not be desired.

XXXIX

A MAN asked Saint Hōnen¹ how he could keep awake while offering prayers. "Pray to Buddha while you are awake," answered the saint. It was very noble. "Rebirth in paradise, if considered definite, is definite, and, if considered indefinite, is indefinite," says

the man of religion. This too is noble. And he again states, "If you pray to Buddha, though with a heart of doubt, you may be reborn in paradise." This too is noble.

XL

THERE was a certain *niudō* in Inaba Province, who had a pretty daughter. Hearing of her beauty, many wished to have her. But this girl fed on millet only, and ate no rice at all. Her parents did not permit her to be a man's wife, saying such a singular-natured girl should not be married.

XLI

ON the 5th day of May I went to see the horse-race at Kamo. So many people stood before the carriages, that the view was interrupted on its account. We alighted and stood close by the rail, but could not find our way inside. At this time I saw a bonze climbing a dead-tree over against us, and he sat on the fork of it, to get a better sight. There he

napped now and then, and opened his eyes every time he was on the point of falling. At this sight people scorned and scoffed at him. "What a simpleton!" said they, "to take naps on such dangerous branches." I said, "Who knows when we die? we may die next moment. We forget it, and pass the day, seeing such a sight. We are far more foolish." The people standing before me said I was right, and, looking back, said to me, "Come in here!" giving way to me. Everybody knows such a simple truth, but this may have been unexpected on such an occasion and touched them to the quick. As a man is neither a tree nor stone, he will sometimes be impressed within him.

XLII

GYŌGA Sōzu was a son of a Karahashi Chiujō, and a monk whom all religious people looked upon as a great tutor. He suffered from a feverish disease. As he grew advanced in years, his nostrils swelled so much that he could hardly breathe. He tried every means of

remedying this, but to no purpose. His eyes, eyelids, and forehead, swelled, so that he could not see. His face was like a *ninomai*¹ mask, and a dreadful demon's. His eyes seemed to be on his head, and his nose on his forehead. Afterwards he avoided the sight of the persons in the temple, and shut himself up in the room. He was in this miserable state for many years, and, growing worse, died at last. I wonder what sort of disease it was.

XLIII

IT was a bright charming day late in spring. I passed an elegant-looking house, in the garden attached to which there were old thick trees and faded blossoms scattering themselves. I could not overlook this scene, and stood peering inside. All the latticed doors looking on the south were shut, and all seemed silent. But the door commanding the east was left quite open; I looked inside through a broken part of the blind. I saw a handsome-looking man of about twenty reading a book at a desk

in so easy a manner. What man he was I should like to know.

XLIV

A VERY young man came out at a bamboo-made gate, which was humble-looking. He was attired in bright *kariginu*¹ and *sashinuki*², the colours of which I could not discriminate by the light of the moon. He seemed to be of rank. Accompanied by a small servant-boy, he worked his way along a narrow lane in the rice-field, getting wet with the dews on the rice-plants and blowing a flute in a touching tone. I imagined that there was nobody who cared to listen to his melody. I became solicitous to know where he was going, and followed him. The young man came to a temple at the foot of the mountain, stopped to play the musical instrument, and entered there.

There was a carriage supported by the *shichi* or carriage-holder, which appeared more conspicuous than in Town. I asked a servant who the visitor was, and was told that such a prince

was coming and that there seemed to be some holy service. In the main hall a number of clergymen were assembled. The scent of the incense that came floating in the night-cold wind seemed to pierce my whole body. The waiting-maids, though it was a rural mountain-village, behaved so politely and genteelly, to see them pass from the sleeping hall to the main hall.

The autumn field, left as the wilful weeds grew, was covered with the overflowing dew. The insects chirped as if in mourning; the water running through the pipe sounded sweet and pleasant. The clouds seemed to fly more swiftly than in the skies of the town. The moon would now appear and then hide herself.

XLV

RYŌKAKU Sōjō, brother of Kinyo no Nii¹, was an exceedingly wicked man. As there was a large *enoki* or *celtis sinensis*, people called him Bishop *Enoki*. He did not like to be nicknamed so, and had the tree cut off.

Yet, as the roots remained still, he was called Bishop Block. He grew more angry, and dug out the block and threw it off. The place became a large trench, and people called him Bishop Trench.

XLVI

THERE dwelt somewhere at Yanagiwara a bonze nicknamed Monk Robber. The reason was, that he frequently met with robbers.

XLVII

A MAN paid a visit to Kiyomizu, accompanied by an old nun. She went all the way, uttering *sneeze, sneeze*. He asked her why she said so. In spite of this, she made no answer and kept repeating the word. On frequent inquiries she said angrily, "A child for whom I have once acted as wet-nurse is staying on Mt. Hiei, page to the bonzes. I suppose he is now sneezing. If I did not make this charm, he would die." How kind-hearted she was!

XLVIII

WHEN lord Mitsuchika¹ attended the court as *Commissioner of Saishōkō*, he was called in the presence of the emperor and treated to dinner. The *tsui-gasane*², out of which he ate, the lord put inside the Imperial blind, and retired. The court ladies declared it so awkward and wondered for whom the vessels were. The emperor praised him, saying the *yūsoku*'s³ conduct was praiseworthy.

XLIX

DO not expect to learn the right way of mankind when you are advanced in years. Most of the old tombs are those of young persons.

When a man is on the point of dying of an unexpected disease, he know for the first time that his past has been wrong. The error I mean is no other than this, that a man is apt to neglect what should be done without delay, and, does in haste what should be done de-

liberately. We repent of our past. Repentance, however, will often come too late.

A man should not forget even for a moment that mutability always encroaches upon him. How cannot a man then devote himself to the Buddhistic services, apart from the dust of this world?

A sage who lived in the old times, when a man came and wanted to talk with him on particular business, answered that he had some urgent business of his own, which he must dispose of by the evening or the following morning, and kept praying to Buddha, with his ears covered with his hands, and died at last. This is found in the *Ōjō Jiūin of Zenrin*¹. A sage named Shinkai, thinking that this world was a temporary dwelling, never sat quiet, but always crouched.

L

IT was the times of Keichō¹. There was a rumour that somebody had brought a female ogre from Ise Province. For about

twenty days Kyoto people went out to see the demon. Some said she was brought to Saionji the day before, some that she was to go to the Palace, and others that she was now at such and such a place. But there was nobody who had actually witnessed her, nor was there anyone who could assert it was an untruth. The high and low equally spoke of the ogre. One day, when people were still busy with this gossip, I went from Higashiyama as far as Agui. I saw people who lived upwards of Shijō running northward: they shouted there was the ogre in Muromachi, Ichijō. I looked from the side of the Imadegawa, and saw the vicinity of the Palace balcony crowded with so many people that one could not pass through. Thinking the report was not ungrounded, I sent a man to know the real matter. But none saw the demon. They stood struggling until the evening, when some altercations and quarrels broke out. About this time many people at large suffered from diseases for a few days.

Some remarked that the untruth of that ogre brought on such an effect.

LI

IT was intended to draw water from the Ōi-river into the pond of Kameyama Dono¹. The emperor ordered the natives of Ōi to make a waterwheel for this purpose. The work cost plenty of time and money. On the completion of it the mill was found not to turn round so well. It was repaired many times, but stood to no purpose. Now the natives of Uni were called and ordered to make a new one. This wheel turned round smoothly, and poured water, to the satisfaction of the emperor. It is excellent to be skilled in one thing.

LII

ABONZE of Ninna Temple¹, who had not paid a visit to Iwashimizu until his old age, longed to go there and one day set out on foot by himself. He prayed before Gokuraku Temple and Kōra, and thinking these were all,

returned. He said to a friend near by, that he had just accomplished what he wished for those many years; that it was more sublime than he had heard; that every visitor ascended the mountain, and he wondered what could be there; that though he was inclined to go up out of curiosity, my first intention was to worship god, and so did not see the mountain. Even a little thing needs its guide.

LIII

THIS is also a story of a bonze of Ninna Temple. A page was going to become a bonze. By way of celebrating this, the monks played many pranks, and got intoxicated. In the excess of merrymaking, a bonze took up a kettle near by, and put it on his head. It was too tight, but he forced his head into it down to his chin. In this ridiculous figure he danced, much to the diversion of the whole company. After he danced for some time, he wanted to take it off, but in vain. At this they all got sober and surprised, and was perplexed what to

do. In the course of trying to force it off, he got hurt on the neck. The poor religious man seemed throttled nearly to death. They tried to break the kettle, but it was not an easy thing. It imparted to his head so painful a sound that he could not bear it. Having no other recourse, they hung a *katabira*¹ over the three-legged kettle, gave him a cane, and took him up to Kyoto to a physician's, by leading him by the hand. It was beyond description to state how people wondered at this quaint apparition all the way. What a singular figure he presented when he stood before the medical man! The bonze spoke something, but it sounded like stifled babbles. The physician said that he had never read of such things in books, and that nor was there any oral instructions as to this. So he again was compelled to return to Ninna Temple. There he was laid on bed, where his old mother and dear friends sobbed or grieved over his sad fate. Notwithstanding, he did not seem to hear them. In the meantime, some one suggested that his ears and nose might be

lost, but his life could be surely saved, and advised them to pull the kettle by force. According to this suggestion, they inserted some straws between the kettle and the head, and pulled the kettle so forcibly that he may have felt as if his head were pulled off. The kettle came out, wounding his ears and nose. The bonze could keep his life safe for all that, and is said to have lain in bed for a long time since then.

LIV

AT Omuro there was a handsome page. The bonzes made a plan to entice him abroad. For this purpose they gained over some fellowbonzes of some accomplishments; prepared some elegant *warigo*¹ with refreshments in them, which were put in a kind of boxes. They buried these boxes in a convenient place at Narabi-no-Oka, and covered them with maple-leaves so as to leave no vestige there. They then went to the palace, and enticed the page and led him away. Pleased and delighted, they

wandered hither and thither, and at last seated themselves on a mossy place: said they got tired and who would burn maple-boughs for them; that any of them, who had any pretension to possess the godly power, should pray for something. A bonze looked towards the tree, close by which they had buried the food, and made a seemingly earnest prayer, telling the beads in his hands. Then they scraped off the maple-leaves, but no boxes were found. Supposing they were making search of a wrong place, they dug every spot they thought to be the right one. But they could not find them. The truth was, that some one saw them burying their dear boxes of food, and, while they were away at the palace, stole them away. The bonzes remained silent for some time, then came to quarrel with one another, and returned in an offended state. He who desires too much pleasure must often remain without pleasure,

LV

IF you build a house, take into your consideration how pleasing it is in summer-time. You can live in any house in winter. In the hot season a bad house is unbearable. Deep water gives you no sense of coolness; a shallow running streamlet appears far cooler. When you read small letters, the light from the *yarido*¹ is darker than that from the *shitomi*. A room with a high ceiling is cold in winter, and there the lamp-light is dark. Furniture that seem apparently useless are often pleasant to see, and, moreover, sometimes turn out of service. So some remark out of experience.

LVI

IF a man, who has long been away, comes to you and speaks the whole recollections of the past he experienced with you, he will not be so agreeable to you. Even a man whom you have made yourself intimate with, when

you see him after a long interval, will seem distant and shy.

People of the lower classes, even if they may explain themselves at random, will feel immense pleasure, and keep talking in the more lively tone of voice. When persons of rank talk, one of them, though in company, speaks to a man, and the others are inclined to listen. Uncultured persons appear in company, and speak without minding who the hearers are and as if they were actual witnesses of the matter. So all present break out laughing and grow obstreperous.

Some laugh moderately even when a laughable thing is mentioned, while others burst out into a great laughter when nothing ridiculous is related. We may know the difference in culture between them both.

When a man's behaviour or talent is criticised, it is unadvisable to refer to the critic himself.

LVII

IF, speaking of poetry, a man misappreciates a poem he has introduced, it will be a

shame to him. One who is versed in that art to some extent, will seldom misjudge of its true merit. It will be awkward and ridiculous to refer to an art that the narrator himself knows nothing of.

LVIII

HE does not know the other world, who says that a man may live in whatever dwelling he pleases if he has a religious heart within, and that it is not difficult to yearn after the other world even if he be at home and mingle among common people.

If, indeed, a man wishes to be out of life and death, despairing of the world, what motive should induce him to serve the lord always and manage his family affairs, conscientiously? As the human heart is too often disturbed by a tie or family connection, it is difficult to act in conformity to the religious way unless in peace and quietude.

A common man nowadays is inferior to a man of old days in point of character. If he

retires into a mountain, he must have means enough to keep himself from hunger and storm. So it naturally follows that he will sometimes be covetous. Then it is not worth while to have acted contrary to the world. It is out of the question to ask him why he thus abandoned the world. One who has once devoted himself to the Buddhistic way and grown weary of the world, whatever desire he may have, should by no means behave in imitation of a greedy man of power. A paper coverlet, a hempen rose, a dish of alms, goose-foot soup, how much do these cost a man? What he wants is trifles; he will soon be satisfied.

As, his appearance considered, he must comport himself free from any kind of shame, he is slow of committing wrong, and disposed to approach goodness. It is advisable for a man to get rid of the world in token of his having been born mortal. He who is exceedingly covetous and does not care to repair to the way of salvation, may be of the species similar to a beast.

LIX

A MAN who is resolved to undertake a great thing, should give up such small things as interrupt his mind.

Nothing great can be undertaken, if he thinks he will commence it after such and such things are accomplished, if he fears to be pointed at by others, or if he postpones it until he thinks his future secured.

I have observed people in general, and know all men of wisdom have passed their lives in accordance with such principles.

Nobody hesitates to escape when a fire breaks out in the vicinity. Who cares to stay amidst such a danger? In order to save his life, a man is apt to disregard disgrace and even his fortune. Life will not await a man. Mutability comes upon us more swiftly than water or fire: we cannot shun it; who can? It is hard for us to give up our old parents, our young children, the kindness of our lord, the friendship of our dear friends. But is it impossible?

LX

IN the Shinjō-in¹ there lived an excellent wise man, whose name was Joshin Sōzu. He was so fond of *imogashira* or a kind of potatoes, and in the habit of eating plenty of them. Even at the seat of sermons he would set a large bowl full of them by his side and read books, eating of it. Whenever he fell sick, he would shut himself up in his room and, by waying of curing his disorder, devour many well-chosen potatoes for seven or fourteen days running. By this means he remedied all his diseases. But he never gave them to others: ate all himself. He was extremely poor. His tutor, at his death, bequeathed him two hundred *kwan* together with the temple. He disposed of the temple for a hundred *kwan*, and determined to spend all his thirty thousand *hiki* on the purchase of *imogashira*. He entrusted the money to an acquaintance at Kyoto, and drew ten *kwan* at a time and ate potatoes to his satisfaction, until at last all the money

was gone without being spent upon anything else. Such was the way that the destitute man squandered the money he got. It was rumoured that he was an extraordinary monk. This bishop saw a bonze and called him *shiroururi*². Some one asked him what it was. In answer to this, he said he too did not know what it was, and that if there were such a thing he would be like that. This bishop was handsome-looking, enormously strong, and a great eater. He surpassed others in penmanship, learning, and oration; and moreover, being the head of the religious sect, was looked upon as important in the whole temple. But he was an odd-fellow who made light of the world, behaved himself freely every way, and would not obey others at all. When he presented himself to the court and sat at dinner, he ate by himself without waiting that the eating stands were set before all the men; and if he was inclined to return, he would rise and leave there at will. His meal-time was irregular: if he wanted to eat, he would eat even at midnight or at daybreak. If he was sleepy, he

would shut himself up in his room even in the broad day-time, and not hear any one although anything important happened. If he was awake, he would keep awake many a night running, and roam about whistling in an easy-going manner. He conducted himself so extraordinarily, but was not hated by people. He may have had some virtue.

LXI

IT has been a custom to let fall a *koshiki* or earthen kettle when an Imperial prince is born, but it is not an authorised one. It is a charm in case that the placenta remains within. If not, no such thing is done. As this is a custom derived from the lower classes, there is no reliable foundation. Earthen kettles produced at the village of Ohara are usually used at the court. At the old *treasure house* of a temple I saw a picture representing that a *koshiki* was falling when a humble woman gave birth to a child.

LXII

WHEN Enseimon-in¹ was young, she sent
a poem by a man who came to the
palace. It was as follows:—

Futatsu moji
Ushi no tsuno moji
Suguna moji
Yugami moji tozo
Kimiwa oboyuru

Letter for Two,
Ox-horn letter,
Straight letter,
Crooked letter,
I think you so.

This means that the princess yearned for the
emperor.

LXIII

THE bishop of the *Go-shichi-nichi*¹, who had
kept some military men, was once attack-
ed by a thief. This became a problem on
account of its having happened in spite of all
the watches. As all that happen within the
year reveal themselves beforehand in the course

of these services, it is not proper to employ military men.

LXIV

A CARRIAGE with five cords are not used by ordinary men. Persons of the highest rank ride in them. This was told me by a certain man.

LXV

SOME one says that people now use higher crowns than those of old days. Those who have old-shaped crown-boxes, use them by grafting at the end.

LXVI

OKAMOTO Kwampaku Dono¹ ordered Shimotsuke Takekatsu, a falconer, to present him with a beautifully-blooming plum-branch with a couple of birds on it. He replied that he did not know how to fix a bird to the blossoms and two birds to a branch. The lord asked the cook and some persons about it.

And again he told Takekatsu to fix them as he thought proper. So he fixed a bird to a flowerless plum-branch and presented it to the lord.

Takekatsu said, "Birds are fixed to brushwood or plum branches, either in bud or blossomless. They are sometimes fixed to five-bladed pine-branches. A branch is six or seven *shaku* long, the part cut aslant at the end being five *bu*. To the middle of the branch the bird is fixed. There are two branches, one to which the bird is fastened, and the other on which it perches. It is fastened with an unsplit wistaria tendril to two spots....."

LXVII

IWAMOTO and Hashimoto at Kamo are the shrines where Narihira¹ and Sanekata² are respectively deified. People will often mistake one for the other. Once I visited there. The old Shinto priest passed by me. I stopped him and asked him some questions. He told me, people say that Sanekata lies buried at the spot which reflects upon the stream. So I think it

is near the water. If I am not mistaken, Kissui Oshō³ composed upon Iwamoto Shrine this verse :—

“Tsuki wo mede
Hana wo nagameshi
Inishiye no
Yasashiki hito wa
Kokoni ari-hira”

“That old, old man of taste lies here in peace,
Who loves the moon and flowers, Narihira!”

“You know better than I, I suppose.” He spoke so politely, and went off. I felt a pleasure within me.

A court lady, who served at the Imadegawa Palace and whose poems are found in the collections of poetry, is said to have composed a hundred verses, have written them with the water from the stream before these two shrines, and have dedicated them to the memories of the illustrious dead. She is known as a talented lady, and her poems are often heard from many mouths. She also wrote good prose and introductions to collected poems.

LXVIII

IN Tsukushi there was a certain *Ōryōshi* or District Headman. He ate two grilled radishes every morning as medicine for all diseases. This custom he had observed for many years. One day, when there was no one in the mansion, some enemies, who bore enmity toward him, made an assault and surrounded it. Strange to say, two soldiers made their appearance from within the house, and fought desperately until the enemies were beaten back. The headman, who had just returned, asked the two warriors who in the world they were. In reply to this, they said that they were the radishes which he had eaten those many years past, and vanished suddenly. If we believe one thing so deeply, there may be such a virtue.

LXIX

THE Saint of Shosha¹ had, by the virtue of his constant recitation of the Hoke scripture, become a man whose six senses made

themselves free from any sort of impurity. When he once entered an inn while travelling, he saw bean-husks burnt and some beans boiled with it. And he asked the beans why they were grumbling so much. At this they answered, "The bean-husks and we are not unrelated to one another, and yet they boil us pitilessly and torture us so greatly." Then the bean-husks stopped them by saying, "The rustling sound of our burning is not of our own making. How unbearable it is to be burned like this you can't imagine! But we cannot help it. Pray don't feel so much offended."

LXX

ON the festival performed at the Seishodō¹ in the Gen-ō period², when *Genjō*³ had been lost, Kikutei no Otodo⁴ was going to play on *Mokuba*⁵. On taking his seat, he first touched the bridges. One of them came off. Having some rice-paste in his pocket, he fixed it to the instrument with it. By the time the Imperial food was brought in, the paste had got

dry, and all went on right. How easily the bridge came off remains unaccountable. Some say that some court-maids handled the musical instrument secretly, broke it by mistake, and put it to its proper spot.

LXXI

IT seems to me that a man's aspects, when his name is mentioned, are generally imagined; but on seeing the person, I always find my presupposition to be mistaken. And, when I hear an old story, I am inclined to consider that the tale actually happened in the vicinity of the houses I have frequented of late, and to liken the personages who appear in the story to some persons of the present age. Everybody may agree with me in this point. What people say, what I see, and what I think, seem to have been met with somewhere before; but where it was I do not remember exactly. Does such sensations occur to me only?

LXXII

THE things that seem untasteful are plenty of furniture in the sitting room, plenty of pens beside the ink-slab, plenty of statues of Buddha in the Buddha hall, plenty of stones and trees and grass in the garden, plenty of children in the house, plenty of words before a friend, and plenty of contents of holy presents in the optative writing. The things that, though plenteous, do not seem awkward, are books in the book-vehicle, and rubbishes on the rubbish heap.

LXXIII

IF we imparted truths only to the world, it would be unpleasant. Most of the things we hear are, in fact, untruths.

People are apt to speak things more than they really are. If, moreover, time passes away and people live distant, they speak as they please. When things are thus recorded, they are settled for ever.

Foolish people talk of one who is versed in one art as if he were a god. But those who know the way do not believe in them. Things heard will turn out different from things seen.

And, a man speaks a rumour, in spite of its being soon disclosed as untrue, as his tongue leads him. The hearer, though he doubts something of its truth, imparts it to others proudly. But this is not an untruth of his own creating. It is fearful that a man pretends not to be well acquainted with the particulars of a thing, and still narrates a pretty tale of it. People will not look to an untruth which has been spoken for the sake of the speaker. An untruth spoken at the expense of the whole company, if there are none of them who speak to the contrary, may be considered as true, and they may be looked upon in the light of sureties. After all, this is a world full of untruths. It would be safe to think these things not uncommon in daily life.

Stories told by people of the lower classes are all surprising to the gentler ear, while persons of culture speak nothing mean or wonderful.

Yet, strange stories of Buddha and deities, and lives of golly persons, are not all unbelievable. It will be stupid, however, to rely upon the vulgar sayings concerning them. So we should treat them in earnest: should not believe them blindly and not disdain them with doubt.

LXXIV

MEN assemble like so many ants, hasten eastward or westward, or run southward or northward. Some are high, others low; some are old, others young. They go and return: sleep at night, and get up in the morning. What are they doing? Why, they desire to live, and always seek for gain.

They feed themselves, and to do what? What they arrive at is nothing but age and death. They come too soon, to stop even for a moment. While we are waiting for them, what pleasure is there in this world?

Those who are led astray are not afraid of it, for they are so much infatuated with fame and

money that their end is before them. And, as for foolish people, they grieve at this, for they long to live for ever and know not the way of mutability.

LXXV

IN what temperaments are they who think retirement so lonely? It is well for a true man to live by himself without being troubled by any worldly thoughts. If we act in accordance with the world, we are apt to be involved amidst the undesirable dusts of it. If we mingle among people, we cannot insist always upon what we think proper lest they should be provoked. We jest with people, we quarrel for something or other. We now bear ill will, and then are reconciled. We are put in an unstable condition. Many thoughts will occur *à tort et à travers*, and gain and loss keep coming and going. We get inebriated amid the delusions, and dream amid the inebriations. We run in haste, and turn stupid with age and forget things. All end like this.

If we keep aloof from our kiths and kins, make our souls easy, and extricate ourselves from worldly business, though unacquainted with the way of truth, we may enjoy a true pleasure for some time. The *Maka-shikwan*¹ teaches us to discontinue our connections with livelihood, human affairs, accomplishments, learning, etc.

LXXVI

EVEN the powerful and prosperous have their own griefs and pleasures. It makes us disagreeable to see a saintly monk among many who call on them. A bonze had better keep apart from ordinary people, even if under some reasonable circumstances.

LXXVII

SUCH a man is not trustworthy as recounts to others an alleged topic with a knowing look, notwithstanding that he has nothing to do with the matter. Especially those monks who live near a town will inquire about others' circumstances as if they were their own, and

talk so much that one would wonder how informed they were.

LXXVIII

HE is not also trustworthy who propagates a strange rumour to the public. One who knows not a thing until it becomes stale, appears to be a man who inspires respect.

A coarse-mannered man, unaccustomed to the world, will often make use of such cants, in the presence of a new-comer, as are understood by none but him and his companions, winking at them and tittering; which will put him in an unpleasant situation.

LXXIX

IT is well not to pretend to be versed in anything. A thoughtful man, though he knows much about a thing, does not talk of it with a knowing look. It is a man from a remote country-place that speaks as if he knew everything. I do not say that all countrymen are so. But he looks clumsy who pretends to be a

man of knowledge. A man, who has a thing he excels in, had better remain reticent, and not open his mouth unless he is asked.

LXXX

EVERY man likes a thing which is unfit for himself. A monk cares to legislate tactics; a country *samurai* does not know how to bend a bow. They pretend to the knowledge of Buddhism, poetry, or music. But a man is less respected for such accomplishments than for his occupation.

It is not only monks, but also *kantachibe*¹ and *denjōbito*², that are interested in the military arts. Although a general may conquer a hundred times in a hundred battles, he cannot be looked upon as a hero. For an ordinary military man can defeat the enemy by taking advantage of an opportunity. A general, whose men are already dead and whose arrows are all gone, and who will by no means surrender himself and faces death undauntedly, can for the first time become noted for his bravery.

We should not pride ourselves upon our bravery while living. A fight is a conduct which is remote from humanity and near a brute; it is a useless thing unless we are of a military family.

LXXXI

THE tasteless, picture and letters on the folding-screen or the sliding-screen do not show their unsightliness so much as the scantiness of the possessor's mind. A man may have plain furniture, but it reveals the untastefulness of his mind that all furniture are arranged regardless of their appearance and only to be kept unbroken, or that they are decorated with useless superfluities, only to augment their quaintness. Such as look old-fashioned, but not conspicuous, and of good quality, are preferable.

LXXXII

A MAN complained that the thin silk cover of a roll was liable to damage. Hearing this, Ton-a¹ said, that the thin silk cover

appeared good after they were broken at the end, and that the mother-of-pearl roll was appreciable when the shells came off. Some say that it is unsightly to see a single incomplete book placed somewhere in the room. According to Kōyū Sōzu², however, it is a tasteless man that desires to have something complete : it is the better because of its incompleteness. Meseems this is a noble saying.

It is not well to have anything perfect and sufficient. It is an interesting thing to leave a thing unfinished. Some one says that when the Imperial Palace is built, some part of it is customarily left unfinished. Among the books written by the ancient wise men, both Japanese and Chinese, there are many, some passages of which are found deficient.

LXXXIII

CHIKURIN-IN Nyudō Sadaijin¹ Dono could have promoted himself to the rank of Dajō Daijin without the least objection on the part of the emperor. But the lord thought it

too common, and became a religious hermit. Dō-in Sadaijin² Dono, moved by this, gave up the wish that he would be *shōgoku*³.

The proverb says, “Ko-riō no kui,” or “The repentance of the dragon in the highest of heavens⁴.” The full moon will wane; a thing in prosperity will decline. Everything that has reached the highest point must be on the way of descending.

LXXXIV

HŌGEN Sanzō¹, when in India, saw a fan from his home and grew homesick, and wished for Chinese food, lying in bed from a disease. Some one said that it was a wonder such a sage as he showed such a weak mind in a foreign land. On the contrary, Kōyū Sōzu remarked what a human, tender-hearted *sanzō*³ he was! He, too, was not like a monk; what an admirable heart he had!

LXXXV

AS the human heart is not always upright, some untruths may be found in it. But

there are men who are naturally honest. It is natural that he who is anything but upright, is jealous of the talent or learning of others.

The foolish hate the wise, though they both meet very seldom. The former speak ill of the latter, saying that they do not accept small profits to obtain some larger ones, and that they endeavour to be distinguished by means of hypocrisy. There is so much difference between the minds of the wise and foolish, that such a slander comes out. Fools of this sort cannot be cured. They may accept even small profits by fraud.

Never imitate a fool at all. If you run the street in imitation of a lunatic, you are a mad man. If you murder a man in imitation of a knave, you are a wicked man. If a horse imitate a *kei*¹, he is akin to the *kei*. If a monarch imitate Shun², he is a Shun. He who pretends to be wise is near a wise man.

LXXXVI

KORETSUGU Chūnagon¹ was a man who had a poetical talent. He abstained from animal food all his life, and lived with En-i² Sōjō, a temple monk, reciting the Buddhistic scripture. One day, when Mii temple was burnt down in the Bun-pō period³, he met the monk and said, “Reverend sir, people call you a temple monk; but now that the temple is gone, I shall call you a monk only.” This was an excellent joke.

LXXXVII

WE should be careful when we give *sake* to uncultured people. A man, who lived at Uji, was on good terms with a worldly monk, Gukakubō by name, and his brother-in-law. He one day sent a horse and a footman for the monk. As the groom had come so long a way, the bonze entertained him with many cups of *sake*. The servant seemed to be in so good spirits with the wine and so manly

with a sword at his side, that the monk became pleased with him and set out on horseback. When they came as far as Kobata, they met with a Nara monk accompanied by a number of armed men. At this the footman turned upon them and said loudly, "At this time of evening and in the mountains, I say, you are suspicious fellows; stop and wait, I say." And he drew his sword. The armed men, for their part, unseathed their swords and fixed arrows to their bows respectively. Gukakubō jumped down from the horse, and, rubbing his hands, apologised for him, "This man is madly drunk, so forgive him for my sake, sirs!" At these words, they all laughed and went their way. The groom, looking hard at the monk, said, "You have done a thing of great regret—I am not drunk—I was going to do a great deed—I have drawn my sword to no purpose,". On the spur of anger, the man cut him down. The wounded monk shouted at the top of his voice, "Highwayman! murder!" A number of villagers, hearing the shriek, hastened to the scene.

The footman, declaring himself to be the highwayman, brandished about his sword. The rescuers forced the drunken man down after many difficulties, who then had got pretty much wounded. As for the horse, he, besmeared with gore, had kept running until he broke into a house on Uji Road. Many men were sent to save the poor monk. Gukakubō was found roaring on the Kuchinashi field. His wounds were serious, but his life was saved. All his life he remained disabled, being out on the waist.

LXXXVIII

A MAN had a set of *Wa-Kan Rōei Shiu*¹, which was said to have been copied by Ono no Tōfū². Another said to him that he thought it not ungrounded, and yet it was absurd to believe the books selected by Shijō Dainagon³ were copied by Tōfū. Their ages differed so remotely, added he, and as for himself, he would not believe it. "For that reason," said the other man, "I appreciate the

books as rare things in the world," and prized them the more highly.

LXXXIX

A MAN said that there lived in deep mountains two-tailed cats, who fed upon men. Another added that two-tailed cats were sometimes found in ordinary places as well as in mountains, and that some cats, grown old, transformed themselves into two-tailed ones. A monk, Ka-amidabutsu by name, who lived somewhere about Gyōgan Temple and liked to compose *renka*¹, hearing them, took it into his head that he must be careful when he walked alone. He once composed *renka* with his fellow-versifiers somewhere and talked far into the night. He was on his way all alone. When he came to the side of a stream, a two-tailed cat, of whom he had heard before, made his sudden appearance, pounced upon him, and was about to bite him on the neck. He was so much astonished, that his strength grew too feeble to protect and support himself, and he

tumbled into the streamlet. "Help, save my life, two-tailed cat!" cried he. Some men came running to the spot, torch in hand, and recognised him. They helped him out and asked what was the matter. He had had a fan and box in his pocket, which was awarded him as the prizes for the *renka*, but they got drenched now. Expressing a joy that he was rescued, he hastened home in a clumsy air. The supposed cat was no other than the dog he kept, who saw him in the dark and sprang upon him.

XC

OTOTSURU-MARU, page to Dainagon Hōin, grew intimate with one Yasura Dono, and would always call to see him. One day, when the young man returned from abroad, the Hōin asked him where he had been. The page replied that he had been at Yasura Dono's. Being again asked whether that Yasura Dono was a man or a monk, he said that he could not tell which, for he did not see his head. Why could he not see his head only?

XCI

THE word *Shaku-zetsu-nichi* is not found among the technical terms of *onmyōdō* or augury. Old people do not shun this day. Who has begun to abhor it, I know not. As the vulgar believe, anything we do on this day proves a failure: what we say on this day does not succeed or is not realised. What we get on this day is lost; what we undertake on this day is not accomplished. This is a foolish superstition. If we compare the results of those things we have done on the auspicious days and *Shaku-zetsu-nichi* (Red-tongue-days), this superstition will be cleared off. For mutability pervades everything in the world. What we see this moment, will next moment vanish. A thing that has a beginning will not always have an end. A wish is not fulfilled; desires are everlasting. The human heart is indefinite. Everything is a phantom. What thing in the world will stay even for a while? Superstitious people do not know this reason. An evil done

on an auspicious day is sure to be evil. A good done on an sinister day is sure to be good. Good and evil do not depend upon days, but upon men.

XCII

A MAN, who was learning archery, looked upon the target, with two arrows. His tutor said to him, "A beginner must not have two arrows at a time. He will rely upon a second arrow, and neglect his first one. It is the best to collect his full thoughts upon one arrow."

Only two arrows! How should he think of neglecting one of them in the presence of his tutor? No, he never thought of negligence, but the tutor did. This precept may hold good for everything.

One who learns things, is apt to think of morrow in the evening, and of evening in the morning. Thus he looks forward to time to come. How should he know there lurks the sense of negligence within a moment's time?

How is it that it is hard to do a thing at once?

XCIII

THERE was a cattle-seller. A purchaser promised to pay him the money and take the ox the next day. At night the ox died. A man remarks that the purchaser gained, while the seller lost.

Hearing this, another man present said, "The owner of the ox may have really lost, but had a large gain at the same time. The reason is, that all living things cannot tell when they die. The ox did not; nor did the man. Unexpectedly the ox died; unexpectedly the man remained alive. One day's life is heavier than gold. The ox's price is lighter than a quill. He is not to have suffered loss, who obtained gold and lost one *sen*."

All present laughed him to scorn, saying that it was not limited to the case only with the owner of the ox.

Notwithstanding, he continued, "So if a man

hates death, he should love life. We should enjoy life every day. Foolish people forget this pleasure, and trouble themselves by seeking for some other pleasures. They forget this treasure, and covet some other treasures: their desires cannot be satisfied. It will be unreasonable if a man faces death dauntedly without enjoying his life. It is because he does not fear death, nay, forgets its approaching, that he does not enjoy life. If he has nothing to do with the phase of life and death, we shall be convinced of his philosophy." All the company scoffed at him the more.

XCIV

WHEN Tokiwai Shōgoku¹ was on his way to the court, he met with a *hokumen*² who had an Imperial message. Seeing him come, the official alighted from the horse. Afterwards the Shōgoku said that the *hokumen*, who had the Imperial letter, got down from his horse, and that how such a man could serve the emperor. The *hokumen* was dismissed on

this account. It is the custom to present and show an Imperial letter without alighting from the horse.

XCIV

I INQUIRED of a certain antiquarian to what part of the *kurikata*¹ of a case we might fasten the braid. He said that there were two ways we generally had recourse to: first, of fastening it to the *jiku*², and secondly, of fastening it to the *hyōshi*³; that both were equally right; that the braid was usually fixed to the right *kurikata* of the case, if it was a letter-case; and that if it was a toilet-case, the braid was usually fixed to the *jiku*.

XCVI

THERE is a species of grass named *menamonni*. It is said that a man, when bitten by a viper, is cured of its poison by rubbing and applying some of it to the stung part. It must be remembered.

XCVII

THERE are a great many things in the world, which, attached to some other things respectively, destroy them. There are lice about the body; there are mice in the house; there are traitors in the country; there is a fortune in the mean person; there is humanity in the true-minded man; there is a religious law in the monk.

XCVIII

I READ a book entitled *Ichigen Hō-dan*, in which a worthy sage's sayings are written. The following are some of the passages to my taste:—

1. It had better leave undone what you hesitate to do.

2. He who thinks of the other world, should not keep even a jar of rice-bran and salt. It is also useless to him to have a nice copy of the scripture, and a nice Buddhistic statue.

3. A hermit should be always thrifty lest he

should expose himself to exigency. It seems the best way.

4. A man of rank should be a man of a low position; a wise man should be an ignorant man; a wealthy man should be a poor man; a man of ability should be incompetent.

5. The first principle of being devoted to Buddhism is no other than this, that a man cuts himself off from worldly cares and never thinks of them. I do not call the other paragraphs to mind.

XCIX

HORIKAWA Shōgoku¹ was a handsome and merry man. He was fond of every sort of extravagance. He appointed his son, Lord Mototoshi to the office of *Dairi*², and managed the state affairs. He pronounced the *kara-bitsu* or Chinese box in the court to be ugly-looking, and ordered it to be replaced by a new one. This *kara-bitsu* had been handed down from time immemorial, and seemed to have been made at least several hundred years

since. All the state things of the past ages had been based upon the ancient authorised ones. For these reasons the officials, who were concerned in this section, said that it was not easy to renew its external appearance; and the proposed order was suspended.

C

KUGA Shōgoku¹ wanted to drink water in the palace. A servant of the *Tonomoryō* or Imperial Household presented him with an earthen cup. But he asked him to bring a *magari* or water-drinking vessel of shell or nutshell.

CI

AMAN acted as *naiben*¹ on the ceremony of *Nin-daijin*². Without receiving the written order which the *naiki*³ had, he repaired to the presence of the emperor. Though it was extremely deviating from the way of etiquette, yet he could not return to take it with him. He was perplexed what to do.

Much to his relief, Rokui no Geki Yasutsuna suggested a court-lady to take that written order and hand it to him in private.

CII

IN no Dainagon Tadamitsu Niudō attended the ceremony of *Tsuina*¹ as its managing director. He consulted with Dō-in no Udaijin Dono as to the particulars, who said that he could think of no better way than to make an adviser of one Matagoro. Matagoro, by the bye, was an old *ejū*² who had such state affairs at his fingers' ends.

When once Konoye Dono took his seat in the hall, he happened to leave the *hiza-tsuki* or mat-made cushion behind. At this, he called for the *geki*³, who was burning the fire. The *geki* asked him in a whispering voice if his lordship wanted a *hiza-tsuki*. It was so praiseworthy.

CIII

IN the Daikakuji Dono a number of courtiers were once assembled and solving the riddles

they made on the spot, when Tadamori, a medical man, came in. Hereupon Lord Jijiu Dainagon Kin-akira proposed as a riddle the question "Tadamori who does not appear a Japanese." Being told the answer was "*Kara Heiji*" or (Chinese Porcelain or Taira family), the whole company burst out laughing. As for Tadamori, he was offended and left the place.

CIV

TOWARD evening a man of rank made a secret visit to a solitary house, where a lady shut herself up alone, under some circumstance. A dog barked at him loudly. A maid-servant came out, and asked who he was. He was soon shown in. The house seemed so lonely and so deserted that one would think how the lady could dwell in such a place.

The gentleman had stood on the plain floor for some while, when a sweet, young voice said, "Come in!" At these words, he entered by a narrow door. The room was not so humble-looking, and shows something elegant. A fire

was seen dimly burning in a corner; the odour of the incense, which seemed not to have been just burned, pervaded the room. The maids said, "Lock the gate well—it may rain—put the carriage near the gate—the attendants may occupy that place." And the servants said, "We can sleep soundly to-night;" though these words were spoken in an under tone, they were heard by their master, the distance being so near.

Both lady and man talked far into the night, until the cocks crowed. And still they kept talking fondly about the past and future. This time the cocks crowed more loudly and clearly. "Is it daybreak?" asked the man. "You need not return before it is day," said the woman. And the man hesitated for some time to set out. But, seeing the sunbeams creep within, the man went out, leaving some pathetic words. It was an April morning, when all the branches and the garden were covered with green. It was so picturesque a scene. The man, recollecting that moment, never forgets a large Judas-

tree seeing him off until he came out of its sight.

CV

THE snow, fallen long before, remains still unmelted behind that part of a house which faces the north. It is so frozen. There I see a carriage, the *nagae*¹ of which is covered with so glittering frost. Though daybreak, the moon is shining brightly. Yet with all its light it is not so bright as day. Amidst this misty atmosphere, and before the building standing apart from the human sight, a man of no mean birth and a woman sit together on the veranda and are talking something. Their talk seems as if endless, though I know not what it is. The woman hangs her head a little, which presents a beautiful sight. And sweet it is that the unspeakable fragrance of perfume comes stealing through the air to me. Some words—though broken—are sometimes heard. It is a living poem indeed!

CVI

SAIN'T Shōku of Kōya once started for Kyoto. On a narrow way he met with a woman on horseback. The footman misled the horse, which caused the saint's horse to fall into the ditch near by. The saint, exasperated into an excessive anger, blamed the horse-leader, by saying, "Confounded insult! you know what the disciples of the four departments are? The *bikuni*¹ is inferior to the *biku*²; the *ubasoku*³ to the *bikuni*; the *ubai*⁴ to the *ubasoku*. What an abominable conduct an *ubai* of so mean a rank throws a *biku* into the ditch!" The horse-leader said that he could not understand him. At this the saint grew more provoked, and said loudly, "What! you uncultured, ignorant man!;" and, perhaps thinking he uttered an extreme abuse, turned his horse backward and hastened away. It was a noble quarrel!

CVII

FEW men can make proper answers to women. In the reign of Emperor Kameyama, some coquettish court-ladies, every time a young man came, asked him if he had ever heard a cuckoo sing, and thus tried to know his heart. A certain *dainagon* answered to them, "Being humble, I have never heard it." Yet Horikawa Naidaijin Dono said, "I think I heard it at Iwakura." This was a proper answer. Most of the young men answered, "Being humble, I think I have not."

Sakino Kwampaku Dono¹ of Jōdo Temple, when young, was kindly instructed by Ankimon-in², according to the principle that a man should be brought up so as not to be pointed at by women. So his lordship, it is said, spoke good language. Yamashina Sadaijin Dono has once remarked that his lordship ever minded even a humble maid-servant's opinion of him. If there were not women in the world, few men would

pay attention to their appearance, be the collar and crown what they may.

Men look upon women in such a respectful light. Then what good is found in them? Every woman has a perverse nature. She is deeply self-interested, so covetous, and an unreasonable creature: is inclined to turn her heart only towards infatuation. She speaks nicely; but does not speak, if asked, what she can speak with impunity. She seems sometimes to be prudent; but too often speaks, without being asked, what is so disgusting to hear. She seems to deceive others more cunningly than a man does, but does not know it is soon disclosed. A stubborn, shallow-minded creature is woman! Who cares to be made much of by her? Why should we be ashamed of ourselves before her? If there be any wise women, they will be dreadful and disagreeable. But, if we deal with women from stupid love and are infatuated with them, they seem to us tender-hearted and agreeable.

CVIII

NOBODY values a moment. Do people really think it of little importance, or are they too foolish to appreciate it? Let me speak for the benefit of those who remain idle out of mere folly. One *sen* may be light, but if amassed it can make a poor man rich. So a tradesman makes much of a *sen*. A moment may seem too short to speak of, but a constant succession of moments forms eternal time. A devoted man, therefore, should not only grieve at the elapion of days and months, but the passing of one present moment.

If a man came and said to you, "You shall die to-morrow," what would you rely upon, what would you do, during this short period? Such is to-day that we live.

In the course of a day we eat and drink, go to the lavatory, sleep, speak, and walk: thus are compelled to lose much time. The remaining little time we waste in doing useless things, speaking useless things, and thinking of useless

things. In the similar way we spend the day, the month, and the life. How foolish we are!

Sha-rei-un was the translator of the Hoke scripture, but as he was so fond of nature and poetry Eon did not permit him to enter the Byakuren.

But for these doings, we should be like the dead. What do we make much of time for? He may remain quiet who can do so without worldly cares within and worldly business without; he may devote himself to the services who so desires.

CIX

A MAN, who was nicknamed *Kōmyōno Kinobori* or *Famous Tree-climber*, ordered a person to climb up a tree and cut some boughs at the top. When he was in danger of falling down, the man said nothing. When he was descending and came down to the height of the eaves, the man on the ground told him to be careful and get down cautiously. Hearing him say so, I asked him, "Any one can jump

down from such a height, if he will; why do you give him such a suggestion?" "That's it, sir," said he; "when he was at the top of the branch and found himself in danger, he took special care of himself. So I said nothing to him. But a man will commit an error when he is in a rather safe position." Humble as he was, the man's saying may be said to have accorded with the sage's precept. A ball-player, I am told, after he has kicked the ball in a difficult situation, will often fail on easy occasions.

CX

I ONCE inquired an expert *sugoroku*-player what its secrets were. "Don't think you must win by any means," said he, "but play for fear you should be beaten. See what move is the worst, and don't use it." This is also a wise warning to those who govern themselves and those who rule over countries.

CXI

HE who wastes time on playing *igo*¹ or *sugoroku*² is committing a felony more tremendous than the four crimes and five felonies, remarks a sage. It still remains powerful in my mind.

CXII

TO him who is starting to a distant country to-morrow, who makes a point of teaching what should be done in quietude? And he who is on the point of doing an impending business of importance, or has something to grieve at bitterly, will no more listen to others and than inquire after others' sorrows. But nobody will feel offended with him. So, similar may be the case with those who have grown decrepit with age, and especially with those who have got rid of the worldly cares.

It is not easy to abandon the conventional customs. But, if we adhere to them because they cannot be overlooked, our desires will

increase, we must put ourselves into a scrape, shall be always uneasy, and shall be troubled with numberless trifling decorums throughout life.

The day is ending; the way is still distant. Opportunities have been lost. It is high time to abandon all relations. 'Now fidelity should be forsaken; manners be put out of consideration. Such thoughts the vulgar may consider as crazy, delusive, inhuman, but it will not make us worried nor unhonourable.

CXIII

A MAN, who is turned of forty, and still lewd, is unsightly. If he refrain from the passion, he will not be so awkward; but it is most disgusting if he speak of it without ceremony or disclose the particulars of some amorous men and women,

The things that are most disgusting to hear or see are, that an old man mingles among young people and speaks something that provokes their laughter, that a man of a humble rank speaks as knowingly of a man of high

rank as if he were his friend, and that a poor man makes a tantalising appearance to entertain his guests.

CXIV

OI Dono of Imadegawa¹, on his way to Saga, came as far as Arisugawa. At that time Saiōmaru, the footman, drove the ox, which splashed some water against the fore board of the carriage. Tamenori, who was behind the vehicle, said, "Accursed chap! how dare you drive the ox at such a place!" Hearing these words, Ōi Dono grew offended and said, "You do not know better how to drive the ox than Saiōmaru. You officious man!" And, so saying, the lord struck his head against the carriage. This famous Saiōmaru was a servant to Uzumasa Dono, and cowherd to him at the same time.

The chamber-maids, who waited upon this Uzumasa Dodo, were named as follows:—one Hiza-sachi³, a second Koto-tsuchi, a third Hōhara, and a fourth Oto-ushi.

CXV

AT Shukugawa a number of strolling monks were assembled to recite Buddhistic prayers. A monk, entering from without, asked if there was a monk named Iroshi-bō. A voice answered, "Here is Iroshi; who is it that calls for me?" "It's I," said the stranger; "my name is Shirabonji. My tutor, I am told, was murdered by one Iroshi in the eastern district. So I have long desired to search for him and avenge my benefactor." "You are welcome," returned the other; "yes, I remember it. If we fight here, we shall spoil the sacred place. Let us go to the sands over against us. Don't assist either of us, I say, any of my comrades. If we disturb many of you, you can't perform your services to your satisfaction."

Arrangements thus made between them, the two monks met on the sands, and, piercing through each other, died on the spot. I doubt there were a group of monks called *boroboro* in the old ages. Some say that they are derived

from what modern people call *boronji*, *bonji*, and *kanji*. They seem to have given up the worldly affairs, but are in fact obstinate. They seem to devote themselves to Buddhism, but make it their business, in fact, to quarrel or fight. They are so disorderly, so shameless, that they make light of death and love it not in the least. For this latter reason I love them, and write down this story here as I have heard from some quarter.

CXVI

WHEN people of old days gave names to temples or any other things, they usually gave them easy ones. But nowadays such names are given to them as are difficult to pronounce or understand, as if the name-givers boasted of their learning. And, with men's names too, it is useless to choose some strange names voluntarily. Men of shallow learning are apt to like everything strange and quaint.

CXVII

THERE are seven kinds of persons whom we are advisable not to make friends. First, men of high and noble rank; secondly, young men; thirdly, strong men who are always healthy; fourthly, men who are fond of intoxicating drinks; fifthly, brave and courageous soldiers; sixthly, liars; seventhly, covetous men. The three kinds of good friends are;—first, friends who give things; secondly, physicians; thirdly, wise friends.

CXVIII

WHEN we take carp and soup, our side-locks are said to remain undishevelled all day. Glue being made from carps, carp-fish may have a glutinous nature.

It is only carps that are cooked in the presence of the emperor; so they are noble fish. The pheasant is the noblest of all birds. It is not unsightly to see pheasants and *matsutake*¹

hanging in the bath-room of the Palace. All other things will not be unfit for such places.

Some wild-geese were once hung on the *kuromi-dana*² of the bath-room in the empress' palace. Niudō Dono of Kitayama, seeing them, returned home, and wrote to her to the effect that he had never seen such things hung on the shelf in their natural state; that it was an ignoble thing; and that it was perhaps because there were not any learned persons there.

CXIX

THERE are found bonito-fish in the sea of Kamakura. People there appreciate them as unequalled of late. An old man, of Kamakura, has told me that this fish was seldom brought before men of rank, when he was young; that even people of the lower classes did not eat its head, and so it was usually cut off and thrown away. Such things themselves have found their way into noblemen's houses as time glides away.

CXX

WE can dispense with anything Chinese, excepting medicines. As books are already propagated throughout our country, we can copy them if we will. It is unwise that Chinese ships, laden with so many useless things, sail across the dangerous seas. The ancients teach us in some of their books that we should not look as treasures upon things brought from far-off realms nor value things hard to obtain.

CXXI

WE keep horses and cattle. Though it may be rather cruel to harness or bind them, they are indispensable to us. How can we help it? Dogs are useful, to be sure, for they surpass men in protecting our houses. But, as they are found in almost all houses, we need not make a point of getting them.

All other animals need not be kept. Running animals are forced into cages, fastened with

locks; flying birds have their feathers cut and kept in cages. They always yearn for fields, mountains, and skies. If we have compassion, how can we remain careless of their grief? How can we enjoy them? It is a wicked person that pleases his eye by tormenting things alive.

Ō-shi-yū¹ loved birds, because he intended to make companions of them by seeing them fly and flit in the forest, but not because of tormenting them. I have read in some books that we should not keep strange birds and animals.

CXXII

THE first accomplishment of a man consists in learning, and the knowledge of the sages' precepts.

Secondly, writing a nice hand, Learn it, even if you have no particular purpose for it. For it is closely connected with learning.

Thirdly, learn the medical art. It enables us

to help ourselves as well as others. Loyalty and filial piety depend much upon medicine.

Fourthly, archery and horsemanship. They are found among the Six Arts. Never fail to learn them. The services, civil, military, and medical, should not be led astray from their right courses. He who learns them is not to be called a good-for-nothing man.

Fifthly, food is man's heaven. He who knows how to season it, will get a great benefit.

Sixthly, the knowledge of handiwork is of service in every way.

The knowledge of other arts is of little use. Many accomplishments are rather a disgrace to a true man. To be versed in poetry and music is a question of taste. The high and low may make much of them, but we can rule over the country by means of them, to little purpose. Gold is excellent, but iron is more useful.

CXXIII

HE who wastes time by doing useless things, may be called a foolish or misconducting man. We have many things which we have, in duty bound, to do for our lord or country. In this consideration we have little time left. The things we want out of necessity are, firstly, food, secondly, clothing, and thirdly, dwelling. The important things of man are nothing but these three things. It is a pleasure to lead a quiet life, free from the attack of hunger, cold, wind, and rain. But every person may suffer with some malady or other. If he is attacked by a disease, his grief will be unbearable. He must not forget to undergo medical treatment. He who cannot get these four things, *viz.*, food, clothing, dwelling, and medicine, is called a poor man. He who does not lack these four things, is called a rich man. It is luxury to indulge in more than these four things. If a man can moderately get them all, who calls him an indigent man?

CXXIV

ZEHŌ Hōshi was equal to the doctrine of the Jōdo religion, but did not profess his own doctrine. He led an easy life, reciting the Buddhistic prayers night and day. How envious a life 'it was!

CXXV

ON the forty-ninth day after a dear one died, the family invited a sagely monk to offer the services to the dead. The monk's sermon was so influential that those present were all moved to tears. When the priest was gone, all the auditors agreed to say with admiration that the sermon was more nobly touching than ever. At this one of the company remarked by way of an answer, "It may well have been, for the monk so much resembled a Chinese *chin* dog." And all their admiration and the nobleness of the sermon vanished out of their minds. There may have some other way of praising such a priest.

“A man who, when he offers *sake* to his guest,” observed the man again, “drinks himself first and then urges him to drink, is likened to one who is going to cut a man with a double-bladed sword. On taking up the sword, he will cut his head first, for it has a blade at either end of the handle. So he cannot cut his adversary’s head. How can the guest drink, when the host gets inebriated?” I wonder if he tried to cut some one in the manner above mentioned. It was so funny.

CXXVI

A MAN said to me, “A gambler should give up the game for the present, if he continues to lose. He should return and wait for another opportunity. An expert gambler knows a good opportunity.”

CXXVII

IT is better not to reform what it is useless to reform.

CXXVIII

MASUFUSA Dainagon¹ was a good man of talent, so that the emperor was inclined to make him *taishō*. One day, a courtier said to the emperor that he had just seen a disagreeable thing. Being asked by the emperor what it was, he answered, "Lord Masafusa has cut off the legs of a living dog for the purpose of feeding the hawk; I saw him do so through the inner fence." At these words, the emperor grew disgusted and displeased with him, and the lord was not promoted consequently.

One would hardly believe that a man of his rank was possessed of a hawk. But it was evidently untrue that he mutilated a dog. Though it was a pity that the lord was slandered, how noble-hearted was the emperor, who hated such a cruel deed!

He is a beastly being who pitilessly kills living things, or takes delight in making them fight. If we minutely look into birds, animals, and even small insects, we shall see that they

love their children, yearn for their parents, walk in couples, envy one another, are full of desires, and love their lives. As they are more foolish than men, they are more so in these points. How can we torment them or destroy them? That heart which sees all the states of living things and is still wanting in compassion, is not human.

CXXIX

GANKWAI¹ said that he would never give troubles to men of merit. Generally speaking, we should not annoy others, nor subdue them, nor deprive lowly people of their wishes.

And some will often cajole or scold infants, and thus delight themselves in it. A grown-up man, who knows it is a mere joke, may think nothing of his mischief, but to the infantile heart it is fearful and shocking indeed. It is not merciful of him to take a pleasure in teasing the child.

The happiness, anger, sorrow, and pleasure of

a grown-up man are, to speak the truth, empty and transient. But who can resist such emotions? It does a man much more harm to wound his soul than injure his body.

A man will often incur a disease through his mental operation. Few diseases come from the outer world. A medicine will sometimes fail to make the human body perspire, but a man will surely perspire when he is ashamed or thrown into a dreadful dilemma. This, you know, is the working of the heart or mind. History tells us that a man grew old all of a sudden in consequence of his painting a picture representing a precipice that towers up into the clouds.

CXXX

IT is sometimes the best for a man to obey others in spite of himself, without quarelling, and give way to them.

He who is fond of a game, likes also to beat his rival. He is delighted to excel in his art. For this reason, it is clear that if he is beaten, he will be displeased. If he is intentionally

beaten, there will be no pleasure on either side. It is incompatible with virtue that a man amuses himself at the expense of another.

Though he plays merrily in company, he bamboozles others and thinks it a pleasure to surpass them in wisdom. This is not also consistent with decency.

So lifelong enmities will often originate in mere pleasure meetings. They come all from the love of excellence.

If a man desires to excel others, he should desire to excel them in learning and conduct. It behoves him to know that if he learns the true path of man, he should not be proud of goodness, and not quarrel with his comrades. It is only the power of learning that enables a man to abandon a high position and a great profit.

CXXXI

A POOR man thinks it decent to have a fortune, while an old man thinks it decent to have strength.

A man should consider his position in society. It is wise to discontinue a thing without delay if it is beyond his power. If he is compelled to do so, it is not his mistake. If he blindly keeps doing it, regardless of his social position, the error lies in himself.

If he is poor and knows not how situated he is in society, he will be disposed to steal. If he is feeble from old age and knows not what he is now, he will incur some disorder.

CXXXII

TOBA Road was not made after the Toba Mansion was built. The name had existed from the ancient time forth. It is recorded in the Chronicle of Ribū-o, I hear, that Prince Motoyoshi greeted the New Year in so sonorous a tone of voice, that his greetings were heard from the Daikyoku Mansion to Toba Road.

CXXXIII

THE emperor lies in bed with his head towards the east. Confucius too is said

to have laid himself with his head towards the east, perhaps by way of receiving cheerful sunshine. A sleeping hall is usually constructed so that one may lie with his head toward the east or the south. Emperor Shirakawa is said to have lain in bed with his head toward the north. The north should be avoided. The Ise shrine stands looking on the south. A man says that he thinks it rather disrespectful to keep the Daijin-gū backwards. But, when an emperor worships the Daijin-gū from afar, he stands facing the south-east, but not the south.

CXXXIV

A BONZE, of the Hoke Temple of Emperor Takakura, one day took up a mirror, and gazed upon his face through it. Greatly disgusted with his ugly aspects, he came to hate the mirror so much that he had since then been afraid of it and durst not even take it up. Without associating with others, the monk shut himself up, reciting the holy services only. He was a worthy man.

Some wise men know others only, and know not themselves. A man cannot know others without knowing himself. So he who knows himself is called a man of knowledge.

Without knowing the ugliness of his looks, without knowing his foolishness, without knowing he has no accomplishments, without knowing his being insignificant, without knowing old age is coming upon him, without knowing of a coming illness, without knowing of approaching death, without knowing he has not his utmost, without knowing he is mistaken, how can he know of other vagarious behaviours?

A man can see his looks through a mirror, and know his age by counting. I do not say that a man can alter his looks and make his old age young. But I say, why does he not retire if he is conscious of his ugliness? Why does he not desire to make himself easy and quiet if conscious of his old age? Why does he not correct his conduct if conscious of its foolishness?

It is a shame, as a matter of fact, to mingle

among others without being loved by them. To attend a public meeting in default of his ugly figure and timid heart, to keep company with men of great talent in spite of his ignorance, to mingle among young men, regardless of his snow-white head, to wish for what is beyond his power, to grieve at what is unavoidable, to wait for what is not likely to come, to be afraid of others or flatter them, these are not shames that others give him, but his greedy heart leads him to such disgraces.

He who does not desist from being covetous, does not assure himself that death, one of the most important things of man, is now coming upon him.

CXXXV

A COURT official, Sukesue Dainagon Nyudō by name, once met Tomouji Saishō Chūjō, and said, "I think I can answer anything you want to ask." "I don't believe you," said Tomouji. "Then," retorted the other, "ask any question you like." Tomouji said, at this,

that he knew nothing to speak of, and that so he could not inquire about pedantic matters, and he would ask him some vulgar question. "I shall explain anything you do not know," said Sukesue. The court officials and ladies, thinking it an amusing dialogue, told them to dispute in the presence of the emperor, and suggested them that the defeated might treat the other to some refreshment. They met before the emperor, as arranged. Tomouji said, "I have from childhood heard people say, '*Uma no kitsu-ryō kitsuni no oka; naka kubore-iri kurendō.*' What can this mean? I should like you to expound it for me." Dainagon Nyudō was perplexed, and said that those words were nothing but nonsense and it was not worth while to explain them. Tomouji rejoined, "I said I knew nothing pedantic, and I should inquire about some vulgar subject. Have we not so arranged?" Hereupon Dainagon Nyudō was beaten and obliged to pay much for it.

CXXXVI

THE medical man, Atsushige, when he waited upon the late *hō-ō*¹, an Imperial meal was brought. The physician said to the *hō-ō*, “Pray ask me of every kind of food here; I know all their characters and names, my lord. Compare what I state with the *Hon-zō*², and your lordship will find them all correct.” By that time the late *naifu*³ of Rokujō had come in, and said to the doctor, “I should like to learn something from you, by the bye. What is the left side or the character *shio*⁴?” The physician answered it was a *tsuchi-hen*⁵. The *naifu* said, “Your learning I now understand from it. Don’t speak anything more; you have nothing to be proud of.” All present laughed, and the medical man retired.

CXXXVII

THE cherry-trees in full bloom and the moon in the cloudless sky are not always worth seeing. It brings some tender thoughts also

upon the mind to sigh for the moon in rainy weather, or to shut oneself up, unconscious of the passing spring. There is something worth seeing in the budding boughs and in the garden faded and withered. Many poets have prefixed to their poems these introductory words, "I went to see the blossoms, but they were already faded and gone," or "Under some circumstances I could not go." These prefaces are as interesting as such words as "I have seen the blossoms." Well may people regret that the blossoms fade and the moon wanes. But a tasteless person will often say, "This branch and that are withered; there is nothing worth seeing now."

The beginning and end of everything are interesting. The love of a man and woman is not always most tender only when they meet. To brood over the grief that they could not meet each other, to sigh for the empty pledge, to pass a long sleepless night, to think of the distant skies, to recollect with a yearning heart the old days of a dwelling wild and overgrown

with short miscanthuses, all these are what a lover may usually do.

A moon hanging in the dawning sky seems more appealing to the heart than a full moon shining brightly ail over the earth. The moonbeams that come creeping in through the bluish deeply-thick cryptomeria woods, and the moon that is occasionally hidden behind some passing masses of clouds, convey indescribably touching thoughts. And the moon glittering over the wet-looking leaves of the pasanias and oaks seems piercing to the heart, so much so that one would yearn for a bosom friend in town.

We are not to appreciate the moon and blossoms with our eyes only. How sweet it is to picture to ourselves the vernal scenes, without going out of the house, and the moon at night, while at home!

A cultured man does not reveal himself in a state of excessive mirth: his manner of amusing himself is so simple. It is a rustic that likes too heavy a merrymaking every way. Most clowns stand directly under the blossoms with

unbashful looks, drink *sake*, compose *renka*, and at last break some large branches heartlessly. They will dip their hands into the spring or pond, stand on the fallen snow and leave their footprints on it, and not look at things from some distance.

Such men look at the ceremonies of the Festival in a strange attitude. They see things in a dull and dragging way. They say that while the procession does not pass along the street they need not sit on the stand. They eat and drink in a house behind, and play *go* or *sugoroku*. As soon as the watch on the stand announces the procession, they hasten up there, as if shocked with something dreadful, and jostle one another, intent to see all things. They criticise what they see, in a noisy tone. When the procession is gone, they descend, saying they shall rest until the next one comes. Their chief object, it seems to me, is in sight-seeing.

Most thoughtful persons in town lie asleep and do not intend to see the ceremonies.

Young humble men serve in the court. Those people who stand behind dare not force their way forward; there are none who make a point of seeing the procession. People hang bunches of hollyhocks on the eaves, and the day dawns amidst the charming atmosphere. In the meantime, carriages privately come and stop. It is so pleasant a sight. We look about, thinking if there are any whom we know, and find among the newly arrived persons footmen and servants to certain noblemen. People come and go merrily, pompously, and in various manners. It is not tiresome to see them. By the evening those carriages that were arranged in order, and those people who stood in so plenteous crowds, are gone I know not where. The rattling sounds of the vehicles have subsided, when the bamboo-blinds and mats are taken off. And solitude comes to reign around us. I find myself lonely and sad to think such is the way of the world. To see the thoroughfare is to see the festival.

I understand, from the existence of many

acquaintances loitering about the stands, that there are not so many people in the world. Although you were destined to die after all the people of the world died, how long could you live? Make a small hole in a large vessel full of water. The quantity of dropping water may be small, but constant dropping will empty the vessel in the long run. Not a day passes but some people in town perish. Every day sees some corpses sent to Toribeno, Funaoka, and some other burial places. So, a coffin-maker is in no danger of keeping his newly-made coffins long unsold. Neither the young nor the strong can be persuaded that they may live long. A frail thing is life indeed. It is a miracle that we have lived to this day. How can we think this world is a merry one? Form what we call *mamako-date*¹ with stones of *sugoroku*². No one can tell which stone is taken first. A stone on which counting stops is taken out. Thus all the stones are taken one by one. No stone can escape the law of elimination.

When a military man leaves his house, he

knows death is before him : he forgets his house and himself. A hermit, who has abandoned the world, enjoys the beauties of water and stones in quietude, and thinks he has nothing to do with this statement. If so, he is mistaken. Does not mutability make an assault into a deep mountain? He faces death as well as the military man.

CXXXVIII

A CERTAIN man thought that the hollyhocks were useless after the festival, and had them all taken away. I thought it tasteless ; but it having been done by a man of rank, I was for some time persuaded to think it right. Suō no Naishi¹, however, composed the following verse :—

Kakure domo
Kai naki mono wa
Morotomoni
Misu no aui no
Kare-ha narikeri

'Tis not worth while
To hang upon the screen
This withered pile

Of hollyhocks serene,
If not by us both seen.

According to the notes appended to her collected poems, the poetess sang the faded leaves of the hollyhocks, which were seen hanging on the screen of the main hall. In the notes of an old collection of poems we see withered hollyhocks mentioned. And, in the *Makura no Sōshi*² too, we meet such passages as “One of the things we yearn after is the dead hollyhock.” This is so sweet and happy a thought. Kamo no Chōmei³ writes in his *Tales of the Four Seasons* that the withered hollyhocks hang still on the screen. It is a pity that they naturally grow withered; so that it is still more so to take them off so as to leave no trace at all.

It is said that the *kusu-dama*⁴, which remains hanging on the emperor's curtain, is replaced by the chrysanthemums on the 9th day of September. So the sweet-flags may be supposed to remain until the chrysanthemum season comes. After the Empress Dowager of Biwa⁵ died, sweet-flags and *kusu-dama* found hanging

on the curtain. Seeing them, the wet-nurse of Ben said, "The unseasonable roots are hanging." In answer to this, the *femme de chambre* of Ye⁶ sang, "Though the sweet-flags may remain."

CXXXIX

THE trees we wish to have in our gardens are the pine-tree and cherry-tree. The *five-bladed* pine will do as well. As for the cherry-blossom, the single-petaled one is preferable. Double-petaled blossoms were formerly found at the town of Nara, but now we see them everywhere. The cherry-blossoms of Yoshino and of Sakon are all single-petaled. The double-petaled are of a heterogeneous kind, and rather gorgeous-looking. They had better not be transplanted. The late-blooming cherry is not nice because it is out of season. The cherry-tree, injured by worms, is also ill-looking. As for the plum-blossoms, white and pink ones are both good; early-blooming single-petaled as well as fragrant pink ones are also pleasing. The late-blooming plum-blossoms are compared

with the cherry-blossoms to a disadvantage. They stick to the branches, which present an unsightly appearance. Kyōgoku no Nyūdō Chūnagon¹ loved the early-blossoming single-petaled plum-trees, and planted some near his house. In the garden looking on the south, we can perhaps see two of them remaining. The willow is also nice-looking. The young-leaved maples in April are more happy than any other tree or grass. The large, old *tachibana*, and Judas-tree are pleasant-looking. As for grass, the globe-flower, wistaria, iris, and pink, are good. The lotus is good for the pond. The autumn grasses are common reeds, miscanthuses, flat-bells, *hagi*, *ominaeshi*, *fujibakama*, asters, *ware-mokō*, *karukaya*, *rindō*, chrysanthemums, yellow-chrysanthemums, ivies, *kuzu*, morning-glories. It does us good to see any of them twining or leaning tenderly about not so high a fence. The other strange plants, which are known by some Chinese names, are not to my taste. Generally speaking, most of strange plants are appreciated only by men of little taste.

Would to heaven that such things were not in the world !

CXL

IT does not behove a wise man to leave his fortune after his death ; for it is awkward of him to hoard valueless things, and if any good things are found after his death, he will be understood to have set a high value upon them. To die possessed of too many things is a shame. It will be an unsightly thing indeed that some people, desirous to get them, are assembled to quarrel over them. If a man wished to give them to any one, he should bequeath them while he is in this world. He may have those things which are necessary for his daily life, but it is advisable for him to do without all other things.

CXLI

GYŌREN Shōnin of Hiden Temple was known by the common name of Miura. He was unequalled in bravery. A man from

his old home called upon him, and said, "It is Azuma people that comply satisfactorily with every request we make. Miyako people comply with our requests, it is true; but they will not fulfil the promises." The saint answered, "You may think so; but for my part, I have long lived in Miyako, and do not think people here are inferior in kindness. They are generally gentle-hearted and kind, so that they cannot flatly refuse others' requests. They comply out of kindness. They do not intend from the outset to deceive. They would keep their promises if they could. Azuma people live in my native district, but they lack tender-heartedness and sympathy. As they are stubbornly upright, they refuse others' requests from the first, saying no. People will always ask favours of the prosperous." As this monk spoke in a husky voice, people had thought that he was unacquainted with the secrets of the sacred doctrines. After this conversation he was liked and revered. It was this gentleness of mind,

methought, that enabled him to be the director of a temple.

CXLII

A MAN who appears thoughtless will sometimes speak a good thing. A wild-looking clown met a friend, and asked if he had any child. The friend answered in the negative. "Then," said the other, "you don't know what it is to be compassionate. A man can not understand compassion until he has a child." This is a true observation.

What mercy is there in the heart of such a man except the love of his child? He who knows nothing of filial piety, will learn what it is when he has a child.

It will be a mistake if a man, who has given up all worldly cares and lives in a state of destitute retirement, completely disdains one who flatters and covets. To him who humiliates so much, it will be a matter of sorrow. A man is too often inclined to forget shame and steal

for the sake of his parents or his wife and children.

It is better, therefore, to rule over a country so as to keep the nation from hunger and cold, than to punish thieves and misdeeds. A man who has no constant fortune has no constant mind. Reduced to exigence, he will steal. If a country is not well governed and people suffer with cold and hunger, there will always be criminals. It is a pitiful conduct to punish people after tormenting them and thus lead them to violate the law.

How can we then favour the people? The high should refrain from extravagance, love the people, and encourage agriculture. Then it will certainly benefit the low. If he who has food and clothing enough does steal, he is a genuine thief.

CXLIII

WHEN a man mentions one who died a calm death, it suffices to say that he died quietly and in peace. But a stupid person

will speak some strange things of the death of one whom he loved or admired, and this in a manner he likes, regardless of the truth. I am of opinion that his last words and behaviours should be mentioned exactly as they were; and this may be a sort of compliment to the deceased. This important thing cannot be determined even by the incarnation of a divine being or by a man of extensive learning. If a man believes right, how need he mind the opinions of others?

CXLIV

THE saint of Togano-o¹, while walking along a road, met with a man who was washing a horse in a river and saying *ashi, ashi*². He stopped and said, "How divine! you are a devout man. You are speaking *aji, aji*³. Whose horse is that?" The man returned, "This is Fushō Dono's horse." "How auspicious!" said the saint, "It may be *aji hon fushō*⁴. I am so delighted to have had a happy kharma-relation," wiping off the tears of joy.

CXLV

HATA no Shigemi, a *zuijin*¹, cautioned Shimotsuke no Nyudō Shingwan by saying he had the physiognomy of falling from a horse. Notwithstanding, Shingwan did not believe him. Before long he fell from horseback and died. People thought that he who was versed in one thing was like god. Being asked by a man what physiognomy he had, the *zuijin* replied that Shingwan always mounted the horseback unstably and liked a restive horse,

CXLVI

MYŌUN Zashu asked a physiognomist if he was in danger of being killed with a weapon. The physiognomist said that he had that physiognomy. "From what do you infer it?" asked the monk. "You, who are in no danger of being killed or wounded, are afraid of it. This foretells the hazard. The monk, just as he had prophesied, was killed with an arrow.

CXLVII

IT is said that one who has many times got through the moxa-burning remedy, should refrain from performing the holy services. It is only recently that people have begun to speak so. No such custom can be found in the old records.

CXLVIII

A MAN turned of forty will grow dizzy unless he had his *sanri*¹ burned with moxa. Never forget moxa cautery.

CXLIV

NEVER put a stag's horn to the nose and smell it. It is said that tiny worms exist in it, and they will enter the head by the nostrils and eat the brain.

CL

I HAVE often heard some people say, that a man should appear before the public when

he has perfected himself in his art. But those who entertain such an opinion can never rise in their professions. A man who mingles among many experts and trains himself with might and main in spite of all their laughter, will in the long run excel him who has talent but remains idle. Even a world-renowned expert has once been a novice and had many ridiculous errors. In every branch of art constant and earnest practice will make a devotee stand above the world.

CLI

SOME one says that it is advisable for a learner to give up his study of a thing if he is still a bungler at fifty. He has no prospect of improving upon it. People will not laugh at him because of his old age. It is awkward to mingle among a group of youths. An old man had better give up everything and live in quietude. He is a mean stupid man who passes all his life by intermeddling with the worldly affairs. If a man is interested in

anything, he may to some extent appreciate the taste of it. It is the best, however, if he stops without intending to learn it.

CLII

SAINTE Jōnen of Seidai Temple once presented himself to the Imperial Palace, with his body bent forward, his eyebrows white, and in so virtuous a manner. Saionji Naidaijin Dono said what a noble-looking man he was, and seemed to revere him. At this sight, Lord Suketomo said he was nothing but an old man. Some days after he came dragging a shabby, long-haired, old dog, and said, "What a noble-looking one this is!"

CLIII

TAMEKANE Dainagon Nyudō¹ was arrested and taken to Rokuhara by a number of *samurai*. Lord Suketomo, seeing him, said to himself, "What a happy man! How envious I am of him! Born in the world, who will not wish to be like him?"

CLIV

WHEN this lord once took shelter at the gate of Tōji from a sudden rain, he saw a group of crippled beggars assembled there. Their hands and legs were so strangely deformed, that he became interested in them. He had for some time looking at them when he grew disgusted with them. And common people were far better than they, he thought, and left there. The nobleman had taken delight in pot-plants, and especially in those with distorted branches. He thought the love of such plants was similar to that of those maimed persons. And he was displeased with his pot-plants, and rooted out and threw them away. He did what he should have done.

CLV

HE who wishes to conform to the world, should be in the first place aware of opportunities. And things proposed on odd occasions sound jarring to the ears of people

and are disagreeable to their hearts. They will not prosper. He should discern every such occasion.

But disease, birth, and death, will occur in spite of occasions or opportunities. Birth and living, change and death, which are the most important things of mankind, are constantly flowing as a large river does.

So if a man is resolved to accomplish one thing, whether worldly or religious, he should not take occasions or opportunities into consideration. He should not hesitate without some preparations.

Not that summer comes when spring is gone, and that autumn comes when summer is gone. Spring begets summer, summer communes with autumn, and the end of autumn is the beginning of winter.

Birth, old age, disease, and death, come to pass the same. The four seasons come round regularly, but death comes so irregularly, so suddenly. It does not come from before us, but attacks from behind so unexpectedly. We

know there is death in this world, but act as if no such thing existed. It steals gradually upon us, and appears so suddenly. The tide of death comes upon us as the tide of water does upon the sea-shore.

CLVI

WHEN the great feast of a new *daijin*¹ is held, some mansion is customarily chosen specially for this purpose. Uji Sa-daijin Dono gave the feast at Higashi Sanjō Dono². As the building was then inhabited by the emperor, His Majesty removed to some other mansion. The *daijin* may not have any noble relation, but it is a custom to make a temporary loan of the empress dowager's mansion for this purpose.

CLVII

IF a man takes up a writing-brush, he will be inclined to write. If he takes up a musical instrument, he will be inclined to play upon it. If he takes up a wine cup, he will

think of wine. If he takes up a die, he will think of gambling. The heart is moved when he touches a thing. We must not do bad things, though in jest.

If we look at a passage of the holy scripture, we can imagine what the context is. Some of us may reform our long-rooted misdeeds. How can we learn this thing unless we do not open this book? Goodness will be derived if we touch good things.

If you sit before the Buddhistic altar and take up the bell, you will naturally learn good things, whether you be attentive or otherwise. If you sit on the floor overspread with ropes, you will involuntarily attain to the pure state of mind. The truth is not dual. Where the external appearance is not out of the way, the internal status will be surely ripe. It is absolutely true.

CLVIII

A MAN asked his friend, "How do you think of throwing off the bottom of a wine-cup?" The friend said, "I suppose *gyo-*

tō means *to throw off the dregs which have stuck to the bottom.* “No,” returned the other, “it is *gyo-dō*, that is to say, *to wash the brim with the remaining wine.*”

CLIX

A CERTAIN man of rank has told me that what we call *mina-musubi* is so called because the way of its knotting bears a resemblance to a shellfish called *mina*. It is often miscalled *nina*.

CLX

I THINK it not right to say, “*Kado ni gaku wo utsu* (to *hit* a tablet on the gate).” It is right to say *kakuru* (to hang). Kadenō Kōji Nihon Zenmon said *gaku kakuru* (to *hang* a tablet). It will not be right to say *kembutsu no sajiki utsu* (to *hit* a stand for the spectators), though it is common to say *hirabari utsu*. We must say *sajiki kamauru* (to build a stand). It is wrong to say *goma-taku* (to burn *goma*): we must say *jusuru* or *goma suru*

(to be devoted or do *goma*). As for *gyō-bō*, we must not pronounce it *gyō-hō*. The bishop of Saikan Temple has said it has the flat sound of *bō*. People commonly make mistakes in pronouncing words in such ways.

CLXI

SOME say that the cherry-trees are in full blossom in a hundred and fifty days after the winter solstice. Other people say that it is in seven days after the equinoctial day. At any rate, it is in seventy five days after the beginning of spring.

CLXII

MONK Shōshi of Henjō Temple had long tamed the birds of the Pond, and one day threw food inside as well as outside the temple to collect the birds. A door being opened, they struggled into the hall in great numbers. Then he himself entered, shut the door, and caught some so violently. Some plough-boys, who happened to be mowing grass

near by, heard the birds cackle and apprised people of it. Some villagers hastened, wondering what the accident was, and found the monk catching and killing the astonished large geese. The good men took hold of the cruel bonze and dragged him to the police. The monk was thrown into prison, with his neck hung with the massacred birds. This occurred in the days that Mototoshi Dainagon was the *bettō* or superintendent-general of the Police.

CLXIII

THE officials of the *Onmyō-ryō*¹ have once discussed whether the “太” of “太衝²” have a dot or not. Morichika Nyudō says that Konoye Kwampaku Dono has an autograph written by Yoshihira, on the back of which the said character has a dot.

CLXIV

WHEN people meet, there is sure to be a conversation: they do not remain silent. But the conversation generally turns out useless.

It is a gossip, a report of some one or other: it is more unbeneficial to them than advantageous. While they are talking such things, they know not they are useless to themselves.

CLXV

THAT Azuma people keep company with Miyako people; that Miyako people go down to Azuma and get a livelihood there; that monks leave their native temples and mingle among common people,—these are so unpleasing.

CLXVI

CONSIDERING man's workings, I am disposed to think as if he intended to make a snow-image of Buddha in spring, decorate it with gold, silver and jewels, and build a temple. How could the snow wait until all the preparatives are made? A man's life is like a snow-image, which by gradual degrees thaw from beneath.

CLXVII

ONE who is skilled in one thing, when present at a meeting where an art or game he is unacquainted with is practised, will often say, "I can do well if this were the thing I like. Then I would not remain a mere spectator." But he is wrong. If he is envious of the art or game he does not know, he should say, "How envious! I regret I have not learned it."

If a man shows off his wisdom and disputes with others, it may be like horned animals' fight, canine-toothed beasts' bitings.

A man should not be proud of his goodness nor quarrelsome: it is a virtue. It is a great disadvantage to be always conscious of surpassing others in some thing or other. He who thinks he excels others in talent, rank or lineage, though he does not express it in language or behaviour, has some sin within himself. We should try to forget it.

It is this pride that gives rise to a misfortune.

He who is truly skilful in an art, is clearly aware of its wrong, and never proud of his superiority.

CLXVIII

IT is a nice thing for an old man to have an accomplishment so excellent that people are at a loss to what other person they may apply after he is dead and gone. Such an accomplishment is an ornament to the aged, and he himself lives to some purpose. But such an old man had better abandon his accomplishment, for if he adheres to it people will suppose he has passed all his life, intent upon it. It will be better for him to say he has now forgotten it.

If a man, however accomplished, boasts of his accomplishment in public, people will think he is not so accomplished as he brags, and it will naturally incur some misfortune. If he says, "I do not know so much," it may signify he is really a master of the art.

It is more unpleasing to hear an old man

talk with a knowing look of what he knows nothing of.

CLXIX

SOME one says that nobody had in particular referred to such and such ceremonies until Emperor Gosaga's reign, and that it is recently that such things are mentioned. Ukyō Taiu of Kenreimon-in writes in her book, by way of mentioning her serving in the Gotobain, that there were no different ceremonies in the world.

CLXX

IT is not good to call at an acquaintance's house, without no special purpose. Even if you go on business, you should return as soon as it is over. It will not be wise to remain long.

If you sit *tête-à-tête* with another, you will speak much, feel tired, and make yourself uneasy. Many disturbances will arise; time will be wasted. It will be disadvantageous to both. As for him who receives you, it will be

indecent of him to allude that he wants the visitor to return. If you have any urgent business, you can tell him so.

But if a man meets a friend of the same mind and has leisure enough to have a long talk with him, it is another question. Gen-seki is said to have treated an undesirable visitor with a stare. So may be everybody.

It is very good to have a friend come occasionally and have a pleasant talk with him. It is also so delightful to receive a kind letter from a friend, saying he has not long written.

CLXXI

ONE who plays *shell-covering* will often neglect the shells lying before him, looking far behind his rivals' sleeves or beneath their knees. And in the interim those shells before him are taken by the rivals. A good player does not seem to watch the shells lying far from him, and takes the ones near by.

When you set up a stone on the edge of the *go* board and fillip it against the stone

placed on the opposite edge, you must not watch the opposite stone only. If you look fully at your stone and the nearest dot before you, and then fillip it against the target, you will surely be able to hit the mark.

You should not look forward to anything in the distance, but take care of the present. As Seiken-ko phrases it, do good deeds, and do not consider the result.

It is about the same with governing a country. If the ruler is not circumspect, and is fickle every way, the distant provinces will surely rebel. And then he suddenly seeks for a stratagem. It is unwise, as the medical book states, to be exposed to the elements, get a disease, and appeal to god to remedy it. He is not aware that if he stops the griefs of those whom he sees before him, is compassionate to them, and demeans himself with justice, his influence will propagate itself throughout the country. U started to subdue Sambyō, but to little purpose; when he returned and loved the

people, they became obedient and faithful to him.

CLXXII

A MAN, when young, is full of animal spirits. His heart is easily moved, so that he has many desires. He is as perilous as a rolling ball of jewel. He loves luxury and wastes money; he is too impetuous and quarrelsome; his likes and dislikes will always change; he is given to sensual pleasures; he endangers his life from his hastiness; he does not wish to lead a peaceful life; he indulges in what he loves, and will be remembered by posterity as an instance of undesirable men. A man will more often go astray in youthhood than in old age.

An old man will grow feeble in mind, and simple and plain. He is seldom moved and touched. As he is quiet within him, he does nothing useless. He helps himself and has no sorrow; thinks of keeping himself from human troubles. An old man excels a young man in

wisdom as the latter does the former in appearance.

CLXXIII

LITTLE is known of Ono no Kamachi¹. Her later unfortunate life is recorded in a book entitled *Tama-tsukuri*. Some are of opinion that this book was written by Kiyoyasu, but it is included in the list of Kōya Daishi's works. The *daishi* died in the beginning of Shōwa years. The prosperous days of Komachi, as some protest, may have been some time after his demise. It remains still unknown.

CLXXIV

IT is said that a hound employed with a small hawk, if used with a large hawk, cannot again be employed with the small hawk. Here we see the truth, *Follow the great, abandon the small.*

Of all things, it is the noblest to take delight in the ways of Buddha. This is a true matter of importance. If a man hears them and

resolves to devote himself to them, what will he not give up for the sake of them, what will he not do on their behalf? Even a foolish man is not inferior in mind to a wise dog.

CLXXV

THERE are many things I do not comprehend. People think it entertaining to press their friends to drink *sake* whenever opportunities offer themselves. I know not how it is.

One who has been so urged distorts his face, tries to throw off the wine stealthily, or stands up to leave the place. The host, seeing this, takes hold of him and makes him drink more. Thus a handsome man turns crazy in no time. Thus a healthy man becomes seriously ill on the spot and falls down unconsciously. If it is a fête-day, it will be an abominable sight. He has a headache until the ensuing day and takes no food. He lies roaring and knows little of what passed. He is compelled to neglect important matters, both public and private. It is

merciless and anything but polite to put others to such wretched conditions. He who has met with such treatments are sure to resent the host. If a foreigner hears of such customs, he will deem it strange and savage.

A mere imagination will make us disgusted. A man who otherwise looks genteel and decent, will burst out laughing without ceremony, talk much, wear his *eboshi* on one side of the head, unfasten the strings, or disclose his shins. He is not what he has ever been, to all appearance. If it is a woman, she leaves her hair dishevelled, laughs with unbashful looks, and snatches a drinking bowl from another's hand. A rough man will take some food, put it to another's mouth, and eat it himself: it is so unbearable to see. Some of the company sing at the top of their voices. Then an old monk is prevailed upon to appear and dance. He bares his dark unsightly shoulders, and dances so ungracefully. Yet all present seem interested in it. Or some boast of their excellence in something or other, sob in an inebriated state. If it is people of

the lower classes, they dreadfully quarrel or brawl, do shameful, abominable things only, or snatching some utensils that stand in their way, spring up and tumble down from the veranda. A man of rank will fall down from his carriage and get hurt. A man of humble birth will go staggering along the road, and stopping on the roadside bank or at a gate, will vomit. It is a pity to see that an old monk, attired in his priestly robe, seizes a boy by the shoulder, and speaks, tottering, some indecent things. Hang me if those who do such things should benefit this world and the future one!

We are apt to commit many mistakes in this world. We lose our fortunes or incur diseases. *Sake*, though called the lord of all medicines, is too often the root of all diseases. Although it is said to make a man forget his sorrows, an intoxicated man will call his past sorrows to mind and weep over them. Buddha teaches us by observing that one who is addicted to drinking will lose his wisdom and have his goodness burned as with real fire; that he will enhance

in badness, and violate all the commandments ; and that he shall fall down into hell consequently. And the wise man adds that he who makes another drink wine shall be born with no hands for five hundred times.

Although wine is considered in so detestable a light, there are some occasions when we think it rather difficult to keep clear of it. In the moonlit night, in the morning of snow, or under the cherry-blossoms, we can entertain ourselves with friendly talks and wine bowls. It is pleasant for a man to see a friend come unexpectedly when he is idle, and to drink wine together. It is also well that a court-lady offers some cake and wine in so graceful a manner. How merry it is that some bosom friends sit beside the fire in a winter day and in a small room, and drink much together ! It is also entertaining to sit on the turf, while on an excursion or a picnic, and drink wine with some comrades. It is well that a man drinks a little after he is much urged and hesitates. It is pleasant that a man of rank presses some

one to drink a little more, saying it is too little for a drinker. It is also pleasant that the man whom we wish to be acquainted with is something of a drinker, and through it we become intimate with him. After all, one who drinks is agreeable and is often pardoned for his vagarious conducts.

When a man lies asleep in the morning, tired of last night's drinking, the host comes and opens the sliding-door. The man in bed shows his sleepy looks and small tuft of hair; has no time to dress himself and runs off in a slovenly manner. The sight of his back, who is clad in underwears, and the thin legs covered with hair! How comic a figure he presents!

CLXXVI

WHEN the Mikado of Komatsu¹ was not enthroned yet, he was used to have his meals cooked in a room. He did not forget it even when he was emperor. The *kurodo* or black door has been so called because the door

of the room grew sooty with the smoke of faggots.

CLXXVII

ONE day, when a ball-playing meeting was held by Chūsho-ō of Kamakura¹, the ground was still wet with the new-fallen rain. The official concerned was perplexed what to do. Sasaki Oki no Nyudō presented him with plenty of saw-dust, which was carried in a waggon. The ground, overspread with it, was free from muddiness. People were impressed by the preparations he had made in storing so much sawdust. Afterwards, when some one spoke of it, Yoshida Chūnagon said that he wondered why he had not prepared dry sand for that purpose. And the officials felt ashamed to hear of it. It is unusual to use saw-dust, which people thought highly of. Those who supervise the Imperial Gardens should, I am told, store dry sand always.

CLXXVIII

SOME officials of a certain department, who had seen the sacred dance performed in the *Naishi-dokoro*¹, told some one that they saw the emperor wear the *Noble-Sword*². One of the ladies present suggested privately that it was the sword of the *Day Hall* that the emperor carried with him when he went to the other mansion. How clever she was to make such a suggestion! The woman is said to have been an old court-lady.

CLXXIX

SAINT Dōgen, who has returned from China, had brought back a set of the Issai scripture with him. He settled at Yakeno, near Rokuhara, and gave his temple the name or Naranda Temple. There he chiefly lectured the *Shu-ryō-gon-kyō*. The Naranda Temple, as this saint said, stood looking on the north; this was handed down as the opinion of Kōsui. But the fact is not found either in the *Sei-iki-den* or in

the *Ho-ken-den*. It is founded on nothing. It is a wonder from what source Kosui derived his statement. Dōgen said that the Saïmyō temple of China faced the north.

CLXXX

AS for the *sagichō*¹, it is a custom to present the *gichō* used at New Year from the Shingon-in to Shin-sen-en, and set off the fire-work there. People shout, "The pond where the prayer is fulfilled." It is no other than Shin-sen-en Pond.

CLXXXI

AMAN of knowledge explains the popular song '*Fure fure ko-yuki tamba no koyuki*' as follows. As snow that falls resembles rice ground and sifted, people say *ko-yuki* or *flour-snow*. *Tamba no ko-yuki* should in fact be *tamare ko-yuki* or *lie deep, flour-snow*. And the next line is '*Kaki ya ki-no-mata ni*' (on the hedge and the tree-forks). This may have been sung from the old ages forth, for it is

written in *Sanoki no Suke's Diary* that when Toba-in was young he used to sing it on snowy days.

CLXXXII

LORD Takachika, Dainagon of Shijō. presented to the emperor the fish called *kara-zake* or *dried salmon*. Some said that such strange things should not have been presented to the emperor. Hearing this, the *dainagon* said, "Admitting salmon may not be presented, why is it wrong to present plain dried salmon? We always present his majesty with plain dried *ayu*¹."

CLXXXIII

IF an ox wounds us with his horns, we cut off his horns; if a horse bites us, we cut off his ears. Thus we mark them as dangerous animals. It is the master's fault that leads his domestic animal to hurt men. We must not keep such dogs as bite us. This is our fault, and contradicts with the law of nature.

CLXXXIV

THE mother or Sagami no Kami Tokiyori¹ was named Matsushita Zenni. She invited her son to her house. When Tokiyori came to see her, she was found to be patching the soot-black sliding doors, with a knife and paste. Her elder brother, Jōnosuke Yoshikage, who happened to be there, said to her, "I should think you had better tell the man-servant to paste paper; he knows such a thing very well." But the old woman kept working, saying the man would not excel her in skilfulness. At this, Yoshikage again suggested that it would be far easier to renew all the paper, and that the patched paper was ugly-looking. "I think." rejoined the old lady, "I shall replace all the paper with new one; but to-day and only to-day I intend to mend the broken parts. I am doing this on purpose to show what I am doing and to give a young man some suggestions." It was a noble thought. Thrift is the primary essence of living. Although of the fair sex, the

zenni conformed in mind to the Sage. She had in her son a man who ruled over the country: indeed she was not a commonplace woman.

CLXXXV

JO Mutsu-no-kami Yasumori was a man unequalled in horsemanship. He had his man lead a horse over the threshold. If the horse galloped over it, he said it was a restive horse, and took off the saddle. If the horse struck its hoof against the threshold, said it was a dull horse which might throw him into some mortal danger, and did not mount it. One who is not well versed in the art, will not be so precautions.

CLXXXVI

A HORSEMAN, Yoshida by name, says, "As horse has more strength than a man, the latter cannot overcome the former with strength. Examine your horse closely before you mount it, and know its strong as

well as weak points. Next see if there is any defect in the harness; if there is, you must not run your horse. He who does not forget these preparations may be called a good horseman. These are the most important things.”

CLXXXVII

A PROFESSIONAL man, though not expert in his art, is superior in one thing to an amateur, when they meet together. The difference is, that the one is always careful and not fickle, while the other is so loose and reckless.

It is not restricted to our accomplishments. If we behave ourselves prudently, though apparently awkwardly, it will be the root of benefit. If we comport ourselves at will, though cleverly, it will be the root of loss.

CLXXXVIII

A MAN intended to make a priest of his son. So the father told his son to study and know the law of cause and effect, and get

his livelihood by preaching sermons. As he was instructed, the son first learned how to ride a horse in order to be a priest; for he thought that, when he, who had no carriage, was invited to a preaching meeting, it would be inconvenient to find himself unable to manage a horse, and ridiculous to be thrown down from horseback. In the next place, he thought that it would please the supporters of his temple if he had an accomplishment when *sake* was offered after the sacred service. And he learned to sing *haya-uta*¹. As he began to appreciate the two accomplishments, the young man gave himself up to them. He grew old before he learned how to preach.

This monk was not the only instance of this kind: there are many in the world. A man, when young, will bear in mind that he will be a man of many accomplishments, learn the great truth, and be looked upon as a learned man; and has many great schemes before him. He thinks life is easy, and neglects his studies. Thus he passes every day, full intent upon

what comes before him, and grows old without doing anything. After all, he does not turn out good at anything, nor rises in the world as he expected. Years irrevocably rolling away, he fades as swiftly as a wheel rolling down a slope.

So consider what is the most important thing throughout your life. Choose the thing of first moment, and give up all other ones. And do the one thing in earnest. In course of a day or even an hour, plenty of things will come upon you. Make choice of a thing beneficial to you, regardless of all others, and make haste to do the matter of importance. If you intend to mind everything, you cannot accomplish even one thing.

For instance, one who plays *go* does not put even one stone at random: does his best to get the start of his rival, and minds the important points, leaving the trifling. It is easy to attend to a spot of ten stones, leaving a spot of three; but difficult it is to find a spot of eleven stones, leaving a spot of ten. The player must find the best spot. But when he finds a spot of

ten stones, he does not endeavour to seek for a spot of more stones. He is covetous, however, thinking of taking this spot and that; and gets nothing, nay loses stones.

Suppose a man who lives at Kyoto has hastened and reached Higashiyama on business. If he thinks it more profitable to go to Nishiyama, he ought to leave there for Nishiyama. He may think that, now that he has come here, he would first dispose of this matter, and that as for the business at Nishiyama, it was not so urgent that he could go there within some days after his return. A moment's laziness will turn out a life-long laziness. We should fear it.

It you are resolved to do a thing, do not grieve that the other things fail, and do not be ashamed of others' slanders. You cannot accomplish one important thing, without sacrificing all other things.

One of those who were assembled together said, "There are things called *masuko-no-susuki*² and *masoho-no-susuki*³; the saint of Watanobe knows what they are. Monk Toren happened

to be in company. "It is raining," said he; "has any one a straw rain-coat and sedge-hat?" If so, lend them to me. I am going to the saint of Watanobe to learn what kind of *susuki* they are." The companions said it was too sudden and that he had better go when it ceased raining. At this, the monk retorted, "A man's life does not wait until rain stops. If the saint or I die, how can I learn them?" And the monk set out at once and is said to have learned from the saint. How nice a thing it was!

"Quickness succeeds," says the *Rongo*. A man should care to know the relation of the thing of first importance as the monk wondered what sort of plants those *susuki* were.

CLXXXIX

YOU think you will do a thing to-day, but some unexpected and impending matter keeps you from doing it. The person you expect does not come, and the one whom you do not expect comes. The thing you have

depended upon does not come out true, while what you do not depend upon may succeed. A troublesome thing will turn easy; an easy thing become worrisome. Things that pass every day, will not come out as expected. So are the things of the year; so are the things of life. We may sometimes think that all things result contrary to our expectations, but in reality many things will come out as true as we have expected them to be. These considered, we shall arrive at the conclusion that things are indefinite. It is true and certain, however, that we may take it for granted that things are indefinite and uncertain.

CXC

IT is advisable for a man not to have what we call a wife. How sweet it is to hear he lives single! If we hear such a man has become bridegroom to such a woman, or that such a man has married such a woman and lives with her, we are inclined to disdain him. As a husband looks upon his plain wife as nice,

he may live happily with her. But to us it seems mean and servile. If the wife is a nice woman, the husband may look upon her as his goddess. Such are people in general.

Still less pleasing is the wife who manages household matters. If she gives birth to a child and fondles it, she appears the more unpleasing. When the husband is dead and gone, she becomes a nun and old. Such a woman seems wretched and miserable.

Whatever woman she may be, a wife will not be so agreeable to her husband if they live together night and day. And to the wife herself too, he may not be dear. If they live apart and the man goes to see her occasionally, they will live as dear to each other as ever. It will be so happy to come in the day-time and pass the night.

CXCI

ONE who says that night is not entertaining, is most pitiable. All ornaments and colours appear more beautiful in the night.

A person may be plainly dressed in the daytime, but at night had better be finely and gayly attired. A handsome figure seen by the light of lamps will appear more handsome. The tone of a voice, heard in the darkness of night, may sound sweeter and more sonorous. The perfume seems more fragrant, the melodies of music sound more musical, in the night.

In a night, when you sit idly in your house, a nice-looking man who visits you rather late is so welcome. Young men, who are apt to mind their appearances, are to be carefully dressed especially on ordinary occasions.

It is delightful that a handsome man takes a bath in the evening, and that a woman retires to her room late at night and paints her face, sitting before the mirror.

CXCII

IT is well to pay a visit to a shrine or a temple at night, when nobody visits there.

CXCIII

A FOOLISH man will judge of others and pretend to know how wise they are. But he is, in fact, so wide of the mark.

A stupid man will sometimes be found to be a good hand at the game of go. Seeing a wise man is a bad player, he comes to the conclusion that he is superior in wisdom to the wise man. A man will be greatly mistaken if he thinks that, seeing some specialists unacquainted with his art, he surpasses them in every branch of wisdom.

A priest of letters and a monk sitting in religious meditations reciprocally thought that they excelled each other in wit and wisdom. But they were both wrong. Those who are engaged in different occupations are incomparable and cannot be put together in critique.

CXCIV

A PAST master looks at a man with an unmistakable eye.

If, for instance, a man devises an untruth with the intention of imposing upon others, some may be easily deceived. They believe him so deeply that they add some more untruths to the original. On the contrary, there are some who pay no attention to it. And some there are who hesitate between belief and unbelief. Some partly believe it because it is a rumour. And there are some who consider and reconsider the report in various ways, not knowingly, and are far from being aware of the fact. Some clap their hands and laugh, saying it is quite true. And some, though well aware of its being untrue, do not declare they know it, and remain like those who know not. And there are some who, acquainted with the nature of the untruth from the outset, assist the original deviser of the untruth and act jointly with him. We can understand from their talks and looks what they really think. And more clearly can a wise sage comprehend us, who are led astray by worldly thoughts: indeed he understands us as clearly as a man sees a thing on his palm.

But we cannot propagate Buddhism in the manner that the deviser of the untruth does his rumour.

CXCV

SOME one, passing along Kuga Nawate, saw a man in *kosode*¹ and *ōguchi*² washing a wooden statue of Jizō earnestly in the water of the rice-field. As he could not explain it to himself, he stopped to watch him. Before long two or three men in *kariginu*³ made their appearance. "Here his lordship is," said they, and went off headed by him. This stranger was no other than Kuga Naidaijin Dono. When he was sane, he was a genteel and noble man.

CXCVI

WHEN the *mikoshi*¹ of Tōdai Temple was carried back from the *Waka-miya* of Tōji, some court noblemen of the Minamoto family were present to join the procession. On this occasion this lord (Kuga Michimoto), who was

then a *taishō*, performed the part of *zuijin*. Tsuchimikado Shōgoku alluded to this effect that it might not be proper to cry *hush* before the shrine by way of clearing the road. "As for the observances of the *zuijin*," answered Michimoto, "a military man is versed in them." These words were all he said. Afterwards he told some one that the *shōgoku* read the *Hokuzan-shō* and did not know the opinions in the *Saigu*; that the deities being afraid of their familiar wicked demons and deities, it was necessary to cry *hush* especially at a shrine.

CXCVII

IT is recorded in the *Engi Shiki* that not only the monks of various temples, but the *femmes de chambre* are limited in number. It is usual with public offices to restrict the number of officials and servants.

CXCVIII

THERE are officials who hold the offices of *Sakwan*¹ as well as *Suke*² of certain

districts, without actually starting for their posts. This is recorded in the *Seiji Yōryaku*.

CXCIX

YOKAWA no Yukinobu Hōin remarked that China was a land of mild music, and had no sharp sound, while Japan was a land of sharp sound, and had no mild sound.

CC

THE *kure-take* has narrow leaves, while the *kawa-take* has broad leaves. The bamboos near the ditch surrounding the Imperial Palace are *kawa-take*. The ones planted by the side of Jijiu Mansion are *kure-take*.

CCI

THERE are two kinds of *sotoba*¹: of *tai-bon*² and *ge-jō*³. That which stands outside is of *ge-jō*; the one inside is of *tai-bon*.

CCII

OCTOBER is called *Kamina-zuki* or Deity-non-existing Month. No record tells us that we should, during this month, desist from the sacred service. It may be so called because in this month there are no ceremonies whatever in the shrines. Some are of opinion that all deities assemble themselves in the *Dai-jin-gu* in this month; but it is not grounded. If so, this month should be considered as '*Fête Month*' in Ise; but there is no such instance. There are many instances that in October emperors paid visits to various shrines. But many of them are inauspicious instances.

CCIII

NOBODY nowadays knows that an arrow-holder was formerly hung at a house of a man who was dismissed by the emperor. In case an emperor should be unwell, or that the world is turbulent, a *yugi* or arrow-holder is customarily hung in the *Tenjin* or Gojō. At

Kurama there is a shrine named *Yugi no Myōjin*; it is a shrine where a *yugi* was once hung. If a *yugi* which was once worn by the chief of the *Kado*¹ is hung at a house, it serves to be a sign that people must not enter it. But now this custom has been discontinued; and such houses are usually blockaded.

CCIV

WHEN a criminal is scourged, he is to be fastened to the rack. But no one now is said to know what sort of a rack it is and how a criminal is tied up to it.

CCV

IN Mt. Hiei there are written pledges called Bishop's Vows. They were written for the first time by Bishop Jikei. Such things are never heard of in the lawyers' circle. Never in the ancient times was a country governed in conformity to the written pledge. But in modern times this has gained ground.

According to the old law, fire and water are

not used for filthy purposes. The vessels may be dirty and unclean.

CCVI

ONE day, when Tokudaiji Udaijin Dono was the *bettō*¹ of the *Kebi-ishi* or Police Board, the officials concerned were assembled at the Chiu-mon or Middle-gate to discuss some office matter. In the midst of consultation, an ox, which belonged to Akikane the official, came running into the premises, and, jumping up to the floor where the chief was seated, laid himself ruminating. All the officials present thought it to be a matter of great wonder, and concluded that the bull should be sent to the auger. The *shōgoku*, the father of Tokudaiji, hearing of it, remarked that there was nothing singular or wonderful in the ox; that as he had legs to walk with, he could go wherever he liked; and that there was no reason that a young court official could dispose of a humble ox, who happened to present himself there. And the ox was returned to its

owner, and the mat on which the animal lay was replaced by a new one. No sinister event is said to have happened. When a man does not wonder at a wonderful thing, it will turn out an ordinary thing.

CCVII

IN order to build the Kameyama Mansion, they excavated the ground. There was a mound of earth, in which they found numberless large snakes coiling themselves. They thought them to be the deities of the place, and made it known to the emperor. Most of the officials agreed to state that if the serpents had lived there for a long time, it would not be well to throw them away pitilessly. At these words, this *otodo* alone protested that the earth was dug to construct the Imperial Palace; the reptiles, which lived in the emperor's dominion, could incur no curse upon them; no deities, if the serpents were deities, would do wicked things; they should be thrown off. So the mound was

pulled down, and the snakes were thrown into the Ōi-river. Yet no malison there was.

CCVIII

WHEN a scroll of Buddhistic scriptures is tied up with a braid, it is usual to twine and bind the braid crosswise, and to put its end sideways under the cross. Bishop Kōshun of Kegon Temple unfastened the braid thus tied up, and had it re-bound in a different manner. "This," said the monk, "is a modern way of tying. It is not so commendable. The best way is, to bind the braid up parallelly and insert its end under the cord." He was an old man, who was versed in such matters.

CCIX

TWO men quarrelled about the ownership of a rice-field. They went to law to have the point decided. One of the two, who got the worst of it, grew jealous of the other, and told his man to reap the rice-plants. The man, in the first place, took to reaping the rice-

crops, which were found on his way. His master asked him how it was. "There is no reason," said the man, "that I may reap them: I know it quite well. But I am going to do an unlawful thing. Whatever rice-plants I like, I will reap." His reasoning was so appreciable a one.

CCX

PEOPLE say that the *yobuko-dori* is a bird of spring, but nobody knows what bird it is. I have read in a book of the *Shingon* sect that when a *yobuko-dori* sings, the service is performed to call for the souls of the dead. In this case the *yobuko-dori* is a *nue*¹. Among the longer poems in the *Man-yō-shū*² there is one beginning with "*Kasumi tatsu nagaki haruhi no* (Mist-gathering long vernal day); in this the *nue*-bird is introduced. And here the *nue* seems to be similar to the *yobuko-dori*.

CCXI

EVERYTHING is not dependable. A foolish man, as he depends too much upon a thing, will resent and fly into a passion. We should not rely upon power, for it is the powerful that first go to ruin. We should not depend on an abundant fortune, for it may leave us too soon. We should not depend upon our talent, for even Confucius was not in his lifetime well received by the world. We should not depend on our virtue, for Gankwai was unfortunate. We should not depend on our lord's favour, for he may be angry and kill us. We should not depend upon our servants, for they may run away. We should not depend on others' kindness, for they may form a different opinion of us. We should not depend upon promises, for few of them are observed.

We had better not rely upon ourselves as well as others. If it turns out good, we shall be happy; if it is bad, we shall not be disheartened.

Where there is room on our right and left sides, anything will not obstruct us. If there is space before and behind us, we shall be free. We shall feel pressed, if put in a narrow place. If we are not free, and are pressed too severely, we shall quarrel and be defeated. If free and calm, we shall not lose even a single tittle.

Man is the soul of the universe, which is boundless. Man is as free as the universe. If a man is large-minded and unrestricted in mind, he will not easily be moved with joy or anger, and will not be troubled with worldly things,

CCXII

THE autumn moon is exceedingly lovely. He who thinks the moon is always so is not awake to beauty.

CCXIII

CHARCOAL is put in the Imperial fireplace, not by means of tongs, but directly from the *kawarake* or unglazed earthen ware. So

care should be taken not to let fall any of the coal outside the fireplace.

When an emperor paid a visit to Hachiman, an attendant in white livery put charcoal in the fireplace with his hand. An official, who was present there and pretty well acquainted with old state customs, said that a servant, when attired in white, might use tongs.

CCXIV

THE music named "*sō-fu-ren*" is not so called because a wife yearns for her husband. It has quite a different meaning. When Ō-ken was premier to the Shin government, he planted lotus-plants in his garden and enjoyed. On those occasions the music of that name was played. Henceforward a premier has been called "*ren-pu*."

The music called "*廻忽*" (*kwai-kotsu*) should properly be "*廻鶻*" (*kwai-kotsu*). The truth is, that there was a powerful country called *Kwai-kotsu*. This country was conquered by Kan, and then a number of musicians were sent to

the latter country, where they played their national music.

CCXV

TAIRA no Nobutoki Ason, once when he was old, told a story. "Saimyōji Niudō one night invited me to his mansion," said Nobutoki. "I said I was going. But as I had no *hitatare* but an old one, I had hesitated for some time. The messenger came again, and said, 'My lord has told me to ask you if you have no *hitatare*; if you have not, my lord says, any old one will do as it is night. My lord wants you soon.' So I threw on my old *hitatare*, and presented myself to the mansion. His lordship appeared with a *chōshi* and *kawarake* in his hands. 'I have invited you here,' says he, 'as I shall be very lonely to drink this *sake* by myself. I have no food to take with wine. Perhaps all the household is asleep now. There may be something to eat. Will you please look for some food for us?' Then I lit a candle, and searched every place where I thought

there might be some eatables. At last I found on the shelf of the kitchen a small *kawarake* with a little *miso* on it. I said I had found some. Seeing it, his lordship said it would do. We drank several cups in so good humours; he seemed to be so delighted. A man of rank in those days behaved himself in such a simple manner.

CCXVI

SAIMYŌJI Niudō once paid a visit to Tsurugaoka Shrine. On his way back, he sent a messenger beforehand to Ashikaga Sama Niudō, to announce that he was coming. And then he went to his house. The host entertained him with three courses: firstly, sea-ears; secondly, lobsters; thirdly, bean-jam and rice. There were the host and hostess, Bishop Riuben, and the members of the family. "Have you already prepared the Ashikaga dyed cloth which you annually present to me?" asked the noble visitor. "Certainly, my lord," answered the host. So saying, he brought thirty pieces

of cloth of various descriptions. He had the women-servants make *kosode* of them at once. And then he sent them to his lord. A certain person, who has lately died, witnessed the scene and told me the anecdote.

CCXVII

A MAN of great wealth says to the following effects. A man should prefer profits to everything. If he is poor, it is not worth while to live. A wealthy man alone may be entitled to be a man. If a man thinks he will grow rich, he must study his daily life. The most important thing it is advisable for him to mind is, that he must not think he is mortal and all things are mutable. In the next place, he should not satisfy every desire that shall occur to him. Every man in this world has thousands of his own desires. If he intended to satisfy all these desires, hundreds of thousands of *sen* would not be sufficient, and he could not live for a single day. His desires will never cease, while his fortune may be gone in time. It

would be impossible to answer the boundless desires with his limited means. If a desire comes across his mind, he must consider it as a devil that has come to destroy him. Even a small desire must be rejected. If he deems that money is like a servant whom he employs, he will never get rid of his poverty; he must look upon it as if it were his lord or god, and must not command or employ it. In the third place, he must not be angry though put to shame. In the fourth place, he must be honest and keep his promises. To him who fulfils these virtues, wealth will come as surely as fire catches dry wood or as water runs down a slope. When a man is possessed of an immense fortune, he will not care so much for sensual pleasures nor decorate his dwelling place. Though his desires may not be accomplished, he will be peaceful and happy for ever.

Now we want a fortune in order to fulfil our wishes. It is for the purpose of realising our wishes that we look upon money as a fortune. Unless we use the money we have, unless we

fulfil our wishes, we are like the poor. What pleasure is there? The above precept, meseems, teaches us that a man should give up his desires and not grieve at his poverty. For it will be better to have no fortune than take delight by satisfying our desires. One who suffers with cancer will take delight by washing it with water; but it will be better not to be afflicted with any such diseases. In such cases there is no difference between wealth and poverty. Too much cleverness will often be the same as foolishness. Great avarice resembles non-avarice.

CCXVIII

THE fox will bite a man. At Horikawa Mansion, a *toneri* or footman, while asleep, had his leg bitten by a fox. A sexton or Ninna Temple one night passed before the Main Temple. Three foxes appeared and sprang upon him. The sexton drew his sword, and defended himself against them. He cut two of them, one of which was killed. But the other

two took to flight. He received many bites, but was safe.

CCXIX

SHIJŌ Kōmon has once told me, “Tatsuaki is so proficient in his art. The other day he came to me, and said, ‘I should think, though it may be a hasty and wild thought, that there is something strange about the five holes of a flute. The *kan* hole is the *hei* note, and the *five* hole is the *kamu* note. Between them there is the *shōzetsu* note. There is the *fushō* note between the *so* note, which is *sho* hole, and the *ōshiki* note, which is the *saku* hole. And there is the *rankei* note between the *ōshiki* note and the *banshiki* note, which is the *chū* hole. There is the *shinsen* note between the *chū* and *six* holes. Thus there is a note hidden between each hole. But between the *five* and *sho* holes there is no note. And yet we blow the flute as if there were a note between them. So this note sounds unharmoniously. Every time we come to this note, we

always stop to blow. If not, it will sound so unharmoniously.' This observation of his is very interesting. The saying, *A senior is afraid of his juniors*, may hold good in such cases."

"Once Kagemochi has told me," continued the *kōmon*, "'As the *shō*¹ has all regular notes, we can blow it with some ease. But as for the flute, we must send air into it in so dexterous a manner. Each note has some oral teaching. Only the *five* hole is not difficult to play; if we blow badly none of the holes will utter a sweet sound. A good musician manages every hole skilfully. It is less owing to a player's fault than to the derangement of the instrument, that a flute utters unharmonious sounds.'"

CCXX

I SAID to a musician of Tennō Temple, that everything we saw or heard in the sequestered parts of the country seemed humble and lowly, and that yet the dance and music of Tennō Temple were an exception and not inferior

to those of Miyako. "Music we play at our temple," answered he, "is played precisely according to the music grammar, so that the notes are more correct than any other you hear. The truth is, that we refer to the grammar which Prince Shōtoku was possessed of. This is no other than the chime hanging before the Rokuji Hall. The note is the middle of the *ōshiki* note. Its musical scale differs according as the seasons vary. The interval between the *Nehan-ye* of February and the *Shōryō-ye* is considered the best season. This is the secret. By means of this one note we can adjust any note we like."

A chime must have the *ōshiki* note, which is a note of mutability and a sound that befits a temple. The monks of Saionji Temple ordered a chime to be cast so as to have the *ōshiki* note; it was cast and recast many times, but in vain. A good chime was at last brought from a distant country. The chime of Hōkongō-in has also the *oshiki* note.

CCXXI

IN the times of Kenji and Kōan¹, the *hōben*² used to carry some strange ornaments on occasions of festivals. This ornament was horses made of four or five pieces of dark blue cloth. The tail was of wick. These horses were fixed to a *suikan*³ on which spider's webs were painted. And the men walked about with these things, explaining the meaning of some poem. We remember having seen them formerly, with much interest. I have talked to-day with some old friends about this. Nowadays these ornaments have become so luxurious, that many heavy things are fixed to the dress and both the sleeves are held by other men. And the *hōben* himself has not the halberd. It is so unsightly that he trudges his way, as if out of breath.

CCXXII

MONK Jōgan of Taketani once repaired to the Higashi-Nijō-in. Being inquired

what was the most efficacious for the benefit of the dead, the reverend man said it was *Kōmyō-shingon hō-kyō-in-da-ra-ni*. A disciple of his afterwards asked him why he said so and if there was anything superior to the sacred prayer. In answer to this, the monk said, "I would have said so. Not having seen the passage of the scripture that 'much benefit is derived from reciting the Buddhistic prayer,' I feared what answer to make if I was asked from what text I drew my statement. So I mentioned this *shingon darani* according to the original scripture."

CCXXIII

TAZU-NO-OI Dono, while young, was known by the name of Tazu-gimi. It is a mistake that he was so called because he had kept storks.

CCXXIV

ARIMUNE Niudō the augur came up from Kamakura and called at my house. On

entering, he said as follows:—"This garden is too wide and borders on uselessness. He who knows the way of truth will make an effort to plant. Leave that one narrow lane as it is, and make farms of all the rest." It is useless to leave even a small bit of ground uncultivated. Eatables or medicinal herbs are to be planted.

CCXXV

NO Hisasuke says that Michinori Niudō instructed a woman, Iso no Zenji by name, in the choicest dances: she was attired in white *suikan* and *eboshi*, and was armed with a *sayamaki*¹. So this dance was called "*otoko-mai*" or *men's dance*. Her daughter, Shizuka, succeeded to this art. This gave rise to the *shira-byōshi*². The dancer sings the stories of God and Buddha. Afterwards Minamoto no Mitsuyuki devised various modes of this dance. Some of the songs were composed by Emperor Gotoba. His Majesty is said to have taught them to Kameyiku the dancing-girl.

CCXXXVI

IN the reign of Emperor Gotoba, Shinano no Zenji Yukinaga was distinguished for the knowledge of classical matters. He was appointed to discuss the meanings of the *Gafu*¹ in conjunction with some other learned men. As he forgot two of the *Dances of Seven Virtues*², he was nicknamed *Kwaja*³ of *Five Virtues*. This he took at heart so much, that he abandoned his studies and became a hermit. Monk Jichin, who sympathised with straitened men of accomplishments, however lowly in rank they might be, took Shinano no Niudō to his house and supplied him with necessities. Yukinaga wrote the *Heike Monogatari*⁴, and taught it to a blind man of the name of Jō-Butsu, who sang the *Tales* to the tune of a musical instrument. He mentioned in the book the particulars of monks and priests. As to Kurō Hōgwan⁵, he knew much of him and so wrote a great deal of him in it. He does not seem to have been much acquainted with the life of Kaba no

Kanja⁶, for he omitted to narrate many things about him. As to the chronicles of military men, Jō-Butsu, who was a native of the eastern district, got materials from some military men. The natural tones of Jō-Butsu's voice have been imitated by the *roundhead* players of the *biwa*⁷.

CCXXVII

THE *Rokuji Raisan* was edited by a monk named Anraku, disciple of Saint Hōnen¹. Some time afterwards Zenkwan of Uzumasa, who was a monk proficient in recitation, for the first time recited it. This was the origin of the prayers peculiar to Hōnen's sect, and was commenced in the reign of Emperor Gosaga. As for the *Hōjisan*, it was also begun by Monk Zenkwan.

CCXXVIII

THE Shakya prayers of Sembon was begun for the first time by Saint Nyorin in about the period of Bun-ei¹.

CCXXIX

A GOOD craftsman is said to use a rather blunt knife.

CCXXX

THERE was a strange apparition in the Imperial Palace of Gojō. According to Tō no Dainagon Dono, some *denjō-bito* or court-officials of higher rank once played *go*. At that time there was a being, who hung up the bamboo-screen and looked at the game. They wondered who he was, and, turning towards him, found a fox seated like a man. "Fox!" shouted they, exceedingly astonished. It may have been a fox who, from want of skill, failed to transform himself into a man.

CCXXXI

SONO no Bettō Niudō was a man unequalled in cookery. As carps were brought in to a man's house, all present wished to see him cook the fish; but hesitated to make such a

request, thinking it rather an impolite thing. Bettō Niudō, who was wise enough to know their minds, said to them, "I cooked *carps of a hundred days*¹ these many days; so I must not cut carps to-day. But if you like I shall cook them for you." A man afterwards told Kitayama no Dajō Niudō Dono how people were interested in what the *bettō* said and did. "I do not like such things," answered the lord; "If there was no one who could cook, it might be well he proposed to do so himself. How can it be true that he cooked *carps of a hundred days*?"

It is better to be quiet without pleasure than take pleasure by making a show. As for entertaining the guests, it is well to treat them for the sole purpose of entertainment; but better it is to receive them in a simple and natural manner. It is out of true kindness that a man offers to make a present of a thing without any previous reference to it. But it is not well to show he grudges a thing and to enhance, by this means, the sense of wanting it in the

hearts of others. And it is equally bad to bet the thing on a game.

CCXXXII

A MAN should not be pedantic. A handsome-looking youth, when he talked with a man in his father's presence, quoted a passage from a Chinese classic. He seemed to be wise and learned, it is true; but to my thinking, he had better not do so before his father.

CCXXXIII

A MAN, who wished to hear a *roundhead* musician play a *biwa*, got a *biwa*. As a bridge came off, he ordered it to be fixed. At this, one of the men present, who was not humble-looking, asked, "Is there any dipper-handle, sir?" It was understood from his fingers that he was something of a musician. How could we expect much from a blind monk musician?" How insolent of him, thought the host with some indignation, to suggest he was good at music! A ladle-handle I am told, is

of plain wood and bad in quality. A young man should demean himself most carefully, for every conduct on his part attracts the eyes of the world.

CCXXXIV

IF a man wishes to be right in everything, he should be always sincere, treat every person with equal regards, and speak few words. All persons, whether they be men or women, old or young, should behave themselves so. Especially, we can never put out of our remembrance such young men as have good aspects and comport themselves modestly. Every mistake is derived from the fact that a man pretends to be skilled in something or other and makes light of others with a high hand.

CCXXXV

IF a man puts a question to you, it is not well for you to suppose that he must know something of the question himself, and to give him an answer which may mislead him as you

think it too plain to make an ordinary answer. The interrogator may ask a question for the purpose of assuring himself of it more firmly, though pretty aware of the matter in question. There are certainly some who request others' opinions merely because they are utterly unacquainted. If you explain to them in a kind and simple way, you may be thought a good man.

If you know what others do not, do not speak ill of them on account of their ignorance of the fact. They may with disgrace ask you to expound yourself, and that repeatedly. A man will often remain unaware of a news that has these many days been prevailing in the world. So a good thing it is to make it known to them so clearly as to satisfy them. Some narrow-minded people will apt to do such things.

CCXXXVI

A HOUSE that has its master in it is not entered by wanderers at their will. A

masterless house may unceremoniously be entered by passers-by, or freely inhabited by foxes and owls, or haunted by some strange spirits of the woods, for nobody there is who objects to their intrusion.

As there is no colour or figure in a mirror, every image comes and reflects itself. Should there be any colour or figure in the mirror, no image would reflect itself.

A vacuous space can contain anything.

Every desire may come and occupy our hearts. They may have no master within, for if there were a master in a heart nothing would intrude into it.

CCXXXVII

THERE is a place named Izumo in Tamba. There stands a shrine, which has been constructed in imitation of the Great Shrine. It is governed by a certain Shida. One autumn day, I went there in company of Saint Shōkai and some other friends. We brought some bean-jam and rice with us to refresh ourselves

with. Each of us worshipped, and a strong belief arose within us. Seeing the lion-statue and dog-statue in front of the shrine stand in the wrong direction, the saint was greatly moved, and remarked, "How nice it is this lion stands in such a position! This must have some deep reason." With tears in his eyes, he continued, "How now, my comrades! don't you notice the nice attitude of this lion? It is unequalled." They looked upon the statue with wonder, and said, "Yes, quite strange and different. Let us narrate this to our Miyako people by way of our present!" The saint grew more interested in it, and stopped a gentle, learned-looking Shinto priest, who chanced to come this way, and asked, "I presume to suppose there must be some reason why this lion is placed in this way. This may be grounded on some old precedent. I should like to know it." "You wonder, sir?" said the priest; "why, some mischievous chaps did it. They are very naughty." So saying, he approached the statue, set it in the proper

position, and went his way. The saint shed his tears of admiration to no purpose.

CCXXXVIII

THINGS may be set lengthwise or sideways on a *yanai-bako*¹. We put a scroll lengthwise on it, and tie it up with paper strings, which are passed through between some of the pieces of slender wooden board. A *suzuri* or ink-slab is placed lengthwise; Sanjō no Udaijin Dono says that it is so convenient, for a writing-brush does not roll down. Yet the persons of the house of Kade-no-kōji never put their writing-brushes lengthwise on the *yanai-bako*, but always sideways.

CCXXXIX

CHIKATOMO the *zuijin* once wrote seven articles of self-praise, which appertain to horsemanship only and have little merit. In imitation of him, I write the following seven items:—

1.—I have once walked about with a number

of acquaintances, looking at the cherry-blossoms. We saw a man hurrying his way on horseback, somewhere about Saishōkō Temple. I said by way of prophecy, "Look there, that horse will fall down if the rider spurs him once more." We stopped and gazed at both rider and horse. The horse ran more swiftly than before, and the mounted man tried to rein him up. The animal tumbled forward, and the rider was thrown into a muddy swamp. All were struck with the accuracy of my augury.

2.—One day, when the emperor was still a prince, and the Mate-no-kōji Mansion was finished, I went on business where Horikawa Dainagon Dono attended. His lordship said to me, "His Highness the prince wishes to know where is the passage '*to hate the purple that deprives the scarlet of its colour.*' And the prince has just turned over the leaves of Vols. Four, Five, and Six to find the passage, but in vain. Ordered to find it out, I am now looking over these volumes." I suggested to him it was in the ninth volume. His lordship thanked

me for my hint and took the volume to the prince. Though such things may be known to even children, yet people of old days seem to have been familiar with trifling things. The prince asked Lord Sadaie, "The words *sode* and *tamoto* occur in one poem of Emperor Gotoba. Do you think it right?" In reply to this, the lord said it was anything but wrong, and that there was a verse as follows:—

Aki-no-no no

Kusa no *tamoto* ka

Hana susuki

Ho ni idete maneku

Sode to miyu-ran

Are you the sleeves

Of grass for lawns

Of autumn leaves,

O fairest *hana-susuki*?

For you wear gowns

With sleeves that nod so secretly.

The prince praised Lord Sadaie, saying he was ready to quote such a poem in order to justify his assertion. This anecdote is recorded with a special encomium. And, likewise, some plain topics are mentioned in the reports which Lord

Kujō Shōgoka Koremichi presented to the emperor.

3.—The inscription on the chime of Jōzaiko Temple was composed by Lord Arikane. Yuki-fusa Ason was going to make a clear copy of it and transfer it into the mould. Just at the time the *niudō* of the Commissioner's Office showed the manuscript to me. In it I saw the passage, *If you pass the evening amidst the blossoms the tolling sound is heard a hundred ri round.* I considered the context, and asked if there was a mistake in *a hundred ri*. The *niudō* said he was glad of my suggestion, and sent the manuscript to the composer of it, proud that he received such an advice. Lord Arikana admitted that he was mistaken, and added he thought the words *several walks* preferable. For my part, I do not think them better; does *several walks* mean *several steps*?

4.—Once I made a pilgrimage to the Three Temples¹, accompanied by many friends. There was an old tablet bearing the characters *Riuge-in* in the Jōgyō Hall of Yokawa. There had

been a doubt. I was told, as to whether the inscription was written by Sari² or Kōzei³, and it was not determined yet. I said that if the inscription was of Kōzei's writing there might be his signature and the date on the back of the tablet. And that if it was of Sari's writing there was no indorsement. The backside was covered with dust and inhabited by spiders: it was so filthy. The monks, however, swept them off, and examined it. There were in fact his signature and grade, and the date written so decipherably. All people present were so much interested.

5.—At Naranda Temple Saint Dōgen once preached a sermon. On that occasion he could not call to mind what the *Eight Disasters*⁴ were. He asked the junior monks what they were, but none of them could tell all correctly. I spoke from within the inner hall, and enumerated the names of the Disasters. The people at this made much of me.

6.—I have once seen the *kaji-kōsui*⁵ service performed in Saint Kenjō's company. Before it

was over, the saint was returning. But the bishop, who had come with us, was not to be found either inside or outside. Some monks were sent to look for him, but there were so many monks similarly attired that they returned in vain after the search of a long time. Then the saint told me to seek for him. I could find the lost priest, and we went out with him.

7.—On the 15th day of February, when the moon was brightly shining and late at night. I went to the temple of Sembon, entered by the back door, and listened to the sermon, hiding my face from the sight of others. Before long a nice-looking woman worked her way through the crowd of auditors, and seated herself so near me as to lean on my knees; I felt as if the smell of her perfume passed into my robe. I thought it so awkward, and changed my situation a little. Notwithstanding, the woman drew near me and leaned her body against mine. I stood up and went off. Some time afterwards I happened to meet an old waiting-woman of a certain bureau. She said to me as in jest, “A young

lady is offended with you, because you have treated her so coldly." "I do not understand you," answered I, and said nothing more. Afterwards the true nature of the matter was revealed to me. On the night that I heard the sermon, a certain lord, who was in the inner hall, recognised me, and sent the waiting-maid to make sport of me. The woman was instructed to address herself to me if an opportunity offered itself, and to report how I conducted myself.

CCXL

THE 15th day of August and the 13th day of September are the *rō-shuku*¹. The moon being round and bright on these nights, people enjoy the beauty of the moon.

CCXLI

IN whatever sequestered part of a country a man may live, he cannot put himself out of the human sight. Even the fishermen of Shinobu¹ Coast may notice him; Mt. Kurabu² is not lonely enough to hide him from the eyes

of the world. Sweet and touching it will be, however, to steal to a lover's dwelling in defiance of the world's opinion. A wife married by the parents' permission is too open to the public and not so enjoyable.

A woman who remains single and lonely in the world may express her wish that she should like to marry even an ugly old monk or a humble countryman of the eastern district, if he is wealthy. Hereupon the go-between speaks well of each other, and they become a man and wife. What a pity it is that those two who are strangers to each other are thus united! What are the first words they speak? On the contrary, how sweet it is that two lovers, who are long acquainted with each other and have unbosomed their inner sorrows to each other, are united out of love!

Are a man and wife really happy, who have been united by a go-between's hands? If the husband is humble by birth, ugly and old, the wife, and especially the wife who pretends to some beauty, may grow disgusted with him and

think she would not have her soul and body spoiled by such a man. People will despise her for this, and, as for herself, she may be ashamed to sit before her husband.

Those who do not contrast, to a better advantage, with a night, balmy with the plum-blossoms and lighted with the dim moon, and with the sky of dawn, wet with the dew of Mikaki Plain, had better keep themselves away from any amorous matters.

CCXLII

A FULL moon will not stay round even for a moment, and wanes before long. To him who is not observant, the phase may not be perceptible in course of one night.

A disease comes upon a man before he realises what it is to live, and brings him to the verge of death. When he is strong and does not think of death, he intends to do many things in manhood and devote himself to the holy service in retirement. In spite of this excellent idea, he has not accomplished even one thing when

he is at the gate of death. He repents of his idleness of many years, and resolves to do this thing and that, night and day, if he should recover. Yet, if he is seriously ill, he grows worried and dies. There are many instances of this kind. We should bear this matter in mind first of all.

If a man thinks that he will devote himself to the Buddhistic service after he accomplishes his wishes, they will never come to an end. What could we do in such a delusive world? All are a delusion. If a wish or desire come across our minds, we should not try to fulfil it under the consciousness that everything is delusive. Give up everything and go the way of truth, and we shall be free from troubles, and be able to keep our minds and bodies quiet.

CCXLIII

IT is on account of pleasure and sorrow that a man becomes the slave of circumstances. To take pleasure is to like and love. This desire is constant and everlasting in a man.

Those things which a man likes and loves are, firstly, fame: there are two kinds of fame, one in conduct and the other in accomplishment. Secondly, sexual desire. Thirdly, appetite. Every desire is derived from these three fundamental ones. They originate in the reversed phases of things, and bring miseries upon us. We have better not seek for them.

CCXLIV

ONCE, when I was eight years of age, I asked my father what Buddha was. The father replied it was a man. "How can a man become a Buddha?" asked I. "By acting in accordance to Buddha's teachings," answered the father. I inquired, "Who it was that taught Buddha, who has taught us?" "Another Buddha, who preceded him," replied my father. "Then," asked I, "who it was that taught that first Buddha?" The father answered with a laugh, "He may have fallen from heaven or come out

of the earth." At last my father was perplexed what answer to make. He used to tell this story in company, much to the amusement of the audience.

THE END

NOTES

TO

TSUREZURE=GUSA

I

1. **Ichino-hito.** Sesshō-kwampaku, who corresponds to the premier.

2. **Toneri.** Waiter to an emperor or a court official.

3. **Sei Shōnagon.** Daughter of Kiyowara no Motosuke, and court-lady to the empress of Ichijō-in. She is noted as the author of the *Makura-no-sōshi*.

4. **Saint Zōga.** According to the *Uji Shui Monogatari*, he was a worthy monk who lived in Tau-no-mine, hated money and fame, and behaved himself so oddly.

II

1. **Injunctions of Kujō-dono.** Kujō-dono was Lord Ujōshō Morosuke; he wrote an advice to his descendants.

2. **Juntoku-in.** The eighty-fourth emperor, who reigned from 1211 to 1220 A. D.

V

1. **Akimoto Chūnagon.** A retainer to Emperor Goichijō.

VI

1. **Saki no Chūsho-ō.** Prince Kaneaki, son of Emperor Engi.

2. **Kujō no Dajō Daijin.** Lord Koremichi.

3. **Hanazono no Sadaijin.** Lord Arihito, grandson to Emperor Gosanjō.

4. **Somedono no Otodo.** Dajō Daijin Yoshifusa. Somedono was a mansion where the lord lived.

5. **Yotsugi no Okina no Monogatari.** More commonly known by the title of *Ō-kagami*. It is a history treating of the ages of Emperor Montoku down to Emperor Goichijō. The book was written by Fujiwara no Tamenari.

6. **Prince Shōtoku.** The eldest son of Emperor Yomei. He was a wise and religious prince.

VII

1. **Adashi Field.** *Adashi* means "empty" or "mutable."

2. **Mt. Toribe.** A place where the dead are buried.

VIII

1. **Saint Kume.** The legend tells us that when Saint Kume, who lived on pine-leaves and was clad in moss, soared into the sky, he saw a woman washing clothes; that she had so white legs that the saint lost his power of flying and fell on the earth.

X

1, **Gotokudaiji no Otodo.** Lord Sanesada, son of Ōi-mikado no Sadaijin Kin-yoshi.

2. **Saigyō.** He was a famous monk and poet. His poems are collected in a book entitled "Yama-ga Shiu".

XIV

1. **Fusui-no-toko.** Literally, *bed of lying wild-boar*.

2. **Tsurayuki.** A distinguished poet, and one of the editors who collected the *Kokin Shiu*. His *Tosa Nikki* ranks high among the Japanese classics. Died in the 9th year of Tennyō (946 A.D.), aged about seventy.

3. **Ito ni yoru mono naranakuni.** The whole verse runs as follows:—

Ito ni yoru
Mono naranakuni
Wakare-ji no
Kokoro-bosoku mo
Omohoyuru-kana

My heart is not so slender as a thread,
Yet at our parting I feel thin indeed.

4. **Kokin Shiu.** A collection of ancient verses, edited by Tsurayuki, Mitsune, Tomonori, and Tadamine.

5. **Genji Monogatori.** A novel written by Murasaki Shikibu.

6. **Shin Kokin Shiu.** A collected book of ancient poets, edited by Minamoto no Michitomo, Fujiwara no Ari-ie, Fujiwara no Iesada, Fujiwara no Ietaka, etc.

7. **Iyenaga.** Superintendent of the Poetry Bureau, established by Emperor Gotoba.

8. **General Selection of Poetry.** In the ancient times, meetings were held in the Imperial Palace to select excellent poems out of those which were composed by many poets of those days.

9. **Pillow-words.** Known to Japanese people by the name of *Makura-kotoba*. They are placed before nouns occurring in poetry.

XVI

1. **Hichiriki.** A musical instrument.

2. **Biwa.** A musical instrument resembling a violin.

3. **Wagon.** A musical instrument, used by ancient people.

XIX

1. **Tachi-bana.** Literally means *by-gone blossom*.

2. **Kwam-Butsu.** The Buddhistic service performed on the 8th of April.

3. **Festival.** Here it means the Festival of Kamo.

4. **Minazuki-baraye.** A festival on which to drive devils out of doors; it is performed on the last day of June.

5. **Weaver.** This festival is known to Japanese people by the name of *Tanabata*. According to a legend, two stars appear on either side of the Milky Way on a certain autumn night. They are supposed to be lovers. A magpie spreads its wings across the river of a Milky Way, and thus enables them to meet each other.

6. **Genji Monogatari.** See Note XIV, 5.

7. **Makura no Sōshi.** See Note 1, 3.

8. **Obutsumyō.** The 19th, 20th, and 21st days of December, on which people recite their prayers to get rid of the sins they have committed.

9. **Nosaki.** An auspicious day of December. on which sacred presents are offered to the Imperial Tombs and some noble dead.

10. **Tsuina.** The last day of December, on which people drive all the plagues and diseases out of doors, by dint of some Shintoic prayers.

11. **Shihōhai.** The first day of January, on which the Imperial ceremony is performed to wish the Imperial family an everlasting prosperity.

XXII

1. **Kuruma motageyo.** Literally means *Uplift the carriage*.

2. **Hi kakageyo.** Literally, *Present the light*.

3. **Tachi-akashi shiroku seyo.** Literally, *Make the torch brighter*.

4. **Saishōkō.** A sermon on the Sai-shō-ō scripture.

XXIII

1. **Rodai.** A roofless floor or stand.
2. **Asagarei.** Imperial breakfast table.
3. **Kojitomi.** A small door to keep the sunbeams off.
4. **Ko-ita-jiki.** A small wooden floor in the Imperial Palace.
5. **Taka-yarido.** A high door turning on hinges.
6. **Jo-kei.** Court officials such as *Daijin*, *Dainagon*, and *Chūnagon*.
7. **Naishi-dokoro.** The hall where the *Sacred Mirror* is deposited.

XXIV

1. **Sai-gu.** An unmarried princess who was sent on a message to the Ise shrine when an emperor ascended the throne.
2. **Sakaki.** A branch of the evergreen anise.

XXV

1. **Asuka-river.** A famous river in Yamato.
2. **Kyōgoku-dono.** A mansion inhabited by Fujiwara no Michinaga.
3. **Hōshō Temple.** Temple which belonged to Michinaga.
4. **Midō Dono.** Another mansion inhabited by Michinaga. But here it means Michinaga himself.
5. **Kondō.** A smaller hall attached to a temple.
6. **Shōwa Period.** 1312-1316 A.D.
7. **Kōzei Dainagon.** He was noted for writing a nice hand.

XXVII

1. **Ex-emperor.** Emperor Hanazono.

XXX

1. **Chiu-in.** The Buddhistic service of forty-nine days.
2. **Sotoba.** A tomb-stone, or wooden post over a grave.

XYXIII

1. **Genkimon-in.** Mother of Emperor Fushimi.
2. **Yō.** Leaves?

XXXIX

1. **Saint Hōnen.** A famous monk; born in Mimasaka Province on the 7th of April in the 2nd year of Chōshō; died in his eightieth year.

XL

1. **Niudō.** A man who retired from worldly business and devoted himself to the Buddhistic service.

XLII

1. **Ninomai.** A kind of dance.

XLIV

1. & 2. **Kariginu & sashinuki.** Ancient robes worn by men of rank.

XLV

1. **Kinyō no Nii.** A descendant of Hachijo Shogoku Saneyuki, and son of Sanetoshi.

XLVIII

1. **Lord Mitsuchika.** Son of Gon-Chūnagon Mitsumasa; became a monk in June in the 3rd year of Shōkyū (1220).
2. **Tsui-gasane.** A wooden stand on which to put food.
3. **Yūsoku.** An official who is well acquainted with the old customs and ceremonies of the court.

L

1. **Keichō.** 1596-1614. A.D.

LI

1. **Kameyama-dono.** Emperor Kameyama was the ninetyeth emperor.

LII

1. **Ninna Temple.** A noted temple in the suburb of Kyoto.

LIII

1. **Katabira.** A hempen summer gown.

LIV

1. **Warigo.** A wooden vessel to hold food in.

LX

1. **Shinjo-in.** A temple attached to Ninna Temple.
2. **Shiroururi.** A musk-melon; to pronounce correctly, *Shiro-urī*.

LXII

1. **Enseimon-in.** Princess to Emperor Gosaga.

LXIII

1. **Go-shichi-nichi.** Literally, *latter seven days*. The Buddhistic ceremony performed ranging from the 8th day to 14th day of January.

LXVI

1. **Okamoto Kwampaku Dono.** Lord Iyehira.

LXVII

1. **Narihira.** One of the most celebrated poets of Japan. Died in his fifty-sixth year, in May of the 4th year of Genkyō (880).
2. **Sanekata.** Son of Sadatoki the chamberlain; appointed Ukon no Chūjō. He was a poet.
3. **Kissui Oshō.** Son of Kwampaku Tadamichi. Born on the 5th day of April in the 2nd year of Kiuju (1155); died on the 25th day of September in the 1st year of Karoku (1225).

LXIX

1. **Saint of Shosha.** Died at eighty, on the 13th day of March in the 4th year of Kwankō (1007).

LXX

1. **Seishodō.** It was a custom in ancient times that an emperor gave a grand feast once in his reign. On this occasion *Kagura* or sacred music was played in the Seisho Hall.

2. **Gen-ō period.** 1319-1320.

3. **Genjō.** A name given to a *biwa*, a musical instrument.

4. **Kikutei no Otodo.** Lord Kanesue, son of Dajō Daijin Kinkane.

5. **Mokuba.** A name given to a *biwa*.

LXXV

1. **Maka-shikwan.** A Buddhistic scripture.

LXXX

1. **Kantachibe.** A court-official above the *third grade*.

2. **Denjō-bito.** Official who is entitled to enter the State Hall of the Imperial Palace.

LXXXII

1. **Ton-a.** A disciple of Lord Nijō Tameyo. He was the author of the *Sei-asho* and the *So-an Shiu*.

2. **Kōyū Sōzu.** Little is known of this monk. We learn that in the 3rd year of Jōwa, when he was sixty-one, he dwelled in Henjō Temple, of Iga.

LXXXIII

1. **Chikurin-in Nyudō Sadaijin.** Lord Saionji Kinpira.

2. **Dō-in Sadaijin.** Son of Lord Saionji Dajō Daijin Kintsune.

3. **Shōgoku.** Chinese name for *Dajō-daijin* or *premier*.

4. **Kōriō no kui.** According to a fable, a dragon, which had long wished to rise in heaven, could go up to the highest part of it; but finding there was no higher place left he repented of his rising so high.

LXXXIV

1. **Hōgen Sanzō.** A Chinese distinguished monk.

2. **Kōyū Sōzu.** See Note LXXXII, 2.

3. **Sanzō.** A monk versed in the Buddhistic theory.

LXXXV

1. **Ki.** A fabulous horse that can run a thousand *ri* in a day.

2. **Shun.** A wise Chinese monarch.

LXXXVI

1. **Koretsugu Chūnagon.** Born of the Taira family; a man of letters. Died at seventy-eight, on the 18th day of April in the 2nd year of Kōei.

2. **En-i Sōjō.** Son of Korehira Dainagon.

3. **Bun-pō period.** 1317-1318.

LXXXVIII

1. **Wa-Kan Rōei Shiu.** A collection of Japanese and Chinese poems.

2. **Ono no Tōfu.** A man noted for his nice handwriting. Born in the 5th year of Kwampeï (893); died in November in the 3rd year of Kōhō (966).

3. **Shijō Dainagon.** Born in the 3rd year of Koho.

LXXXIX

1. **Ren-ka.** A common Japanese poem consists of five lines. A

ren-ka is composed by two persons; the first three lines by one and the last two by the other.

XCIV

1. **Tokiwai Shōgoku.** Son of Saionji Kintsune, and disciple of Lord Sadaie. He was a versifier.
2. **Hokumen.** A *samurai* who guarded the Imperial Palace.

XCV

1. **Kurikata.** A semi-circular thing such as the part of a sword to which the braid is fixed.
2. **Jiku.** Literally, *axle*; a roll or scroll.
3. **Hyōshi.** A cover, as of a book.

XCIX

1. **Horikawa Shōgoku.** Son of Lord Iwakura Tomozane.
2. **Dairi.** Chinese name for *Kebi-ishi no Betto* or *Superintendent of the Police Bureau*.

C

1. **Kuga Shōgoku.** Lord Masazane, son of Lord Akifusa.

CI

1. **Naiben.** An official who managed the household matters on an Imperial ceremony.
2. **Nin-daijin.** Appointment of a minister.
3. **Naiki.** A kind of secretary.

CII

1. **Tsuina.** A ceremony performed in the beginning of February; on the occasion baked beans are thrown in the house by way of driving out devils.
2. **Eji.** A watch or guardian to the Imperial Palace.
3. **Geki.** Secretary to the Dajō-daijin.

CV

1. **Nagae.** A long projecting pole before an old Japanese carriage

CVI

1. **Bikuni.** A kind of nun.
2. **Biku.** A kind of nun.
3. **Ubasoku.** A kind of monk.
4. **Ubai.** A kind of monk.

CVII

1. **Sakino Kwampaku Dono.** Lord Kujo-dono Moronori. Died at forty-four, on the 7th day of June in the 2nd year of Gen-o (1320).
2. **Ankimon-in.** Daughter of Lord Kwampaku Tadanori, and consort to Emperor Gohorikawa.

CXI

1. **Igo.** More commonly known by the name *go*.
2. **Sugoroku.** This is quite different from what we now call *Sugoroku*. It is something like *go* and played with stones.

CXIV

1. **Ōi-dono of Imadegawa.** Lord Kanesue of Kikutei, the third son of Saionji Dajō-daijin Sanekane.
2. **Uzumasa Dono.** Lord Naidaijin Nobukiyo.
3. **Hiza-sachi, etc.** These names suggest something of cattle.

CXVIII

1. **Matsutake.** A kind of edible mushrooms.

CXXI

1. **Ō-shi-yū.** A Chinese.

CXXVIII

1. **Masafusa Dainagon.** Son of Lord Dajō-daijin Sadasane.

CXXIX

1. **Gankwai.** A wise Chinese.

CXXXVI

1. **Hō-ō.** An emperor who retired and became a monk.
2. **Hon-zō.** A medical book that treats of medicine.
3. **Late naifu of Rokujō.** Ju-ichi-i Nai-daijin Arifusa. The *Nai-daijin* of minister or home affairs is often called *nai-fu*.
4. **Shio.** Salt, 鹽 in the Japanese character. It is often written elliptically such as 塩. The 土 is called *tsuchi-hen*.

CXXXVII

1. **Mamako-date.** A game that has gone out of fashion.
2. **Sugoroku.** See Note CXI, 2.

CXXXVIII

1. **Suō no Naishi.** A court lady to Emperor Goreizei.
2. **Makura no Sōshi.** See Note I, 3.
3. **Kamo no Chōmei.** A disciple of Monk Shunkei. He was the author of the *Hōjō Ki*.
4. **Kusu-dama.** A ball consisting of various perfumes and ornamented with many long tails. It was formerly hung in a room to keep out bad smells.
5. **Empress Dowager of Biwa.** Daughter of Lord Michinaga, and consort of Emperor Sanjō. Died at thirty-four, in September in the 4th year of Manju (1027).
6. **Femme de chambre of Ye.** Daughter of Akasome-emon.

CXLIV

1. **Saint of Togano-o.** Died at sixty, on the 19th day of January in the 4th year or Kwanki (1232).
2. **Ashi.** A leg.

3. **Aji.** Empty.

4. **Aji kon fu-sko.** Vacuum breeds nothing.

CXLV

1. **Zuijin.** An attendant of rank to an emperor or *Dajō-daijin*.

CXLVIII

1. **Sanri.** A hollow part just below the knee.

CLIII

1. **Tamekane Dainagon Nyūdō.** He was exiled to Sado on charge of a conspiracy, in February in the 6th year of Einin (1298).

CLVI

1. **Daijin.** A premier.

2. **Higashi Sanjō Dono.** An Imperial mansion, which was destroyed by fire on the 30th day of April in the 4th year of Chokiu (1043).

CLXIII

1. **Onmyō-ryō.** A bureau attached to the Imperial palace, where the officials augured what came under their observation.

2. **太衡.** These two characters are pronounced "tai-shō," and mean *September*.

CLXXIII

1. **Ono no Komachi.** Her poems are unequalled in depicting woman's heart and expressing her thoughts so beautifully. The poetess seems to have lived in the ninth century.

CLXXVI

1. **Mikado of Komatsu.** Emperor Kōkō. As the emperor was buried in the Komatsu Burial-ground, he was called after that name.

CLXXVIII

1. **Naishi-Dokoro.** See Note XXIII, 7.

2. **Noble Sword.** One of the three treasures of the Imperial Palace, known commonly by the name of “Hō-ken” or “Treasure Sword.

CLXXX

1. **Sagichō.** A kind of bonfire or firework.

CLXXXII

1. **Ayu.** A kind of trout, peculiar to Japan.

CLXXXIV

1. **Sagami no Kami Tokiyori.** A wise ruler of the Hōjō family. Died in the 3rd year of Kōcho (1263).

CLXXXVIII

1. **Haya-uta.** A kind of song.

2. **Masuho-no-susuki.** A kind of *susuki* or miscanthus.

3. **Masoho-no-susuki.** Another kind of miscanthus.

CXCV

1. **Kosode.** A kind of *kimono*.

2. **Ōguchi.** A kind of *hakama* worn by men of old days.

3. **Kariginu.** A robe worn by men of rank.

CXCVI

1. **Mikoshi.** A small shrine, which is carried by many men.

CXCVIII

1. **Sakwan.** There were four ranks in the district governorship: Kami, Suke, Jō, and Sakwan.

2. **Suke.** See the above note.

CCI

1. **Sotoba.** A wooden or stone post that stands like a landmark.
2. **Tai-bon.** Literally, *Rejecting common people*.
3. **Ge-jō.** Alighting from horseback or *kago*.

CCVI

1. **Bettō.** A superintendent, especially of the *Kebi-ishi*.

CCX

1. **Nue.** A kind of owl.
2. **Man-yō-shiu.** The oldest collection of verses that exists in Japan.

CCXXI

1. **Kenji & Kō-an.** 1275-1287.
2. **Suikan.** A kind of robe.

CCXXV

1. **Sayamaki.** A short sword with no *tsuba* or sword-guard.
2. **Shira-byōshi.** A female dancer.
3. **Emperor Gotoba.** The eighty-second emperor, who reigned from 1184 to 1198.

CCXXVI

1. **Gafu.** A kind of Chinese poetry.
1. **Dances of Seven Virtues.** A kind of dance.
2. **Kwaja.** A young fellow.
3. **Heike Monogatari.** One of the standard classics, which treats of the history of the Heike or Taira family.
5. **Kurō Hōgwan.** Minamoto no Yoshitsune, brother of Yoritomo.
6. **Kaba no Kwanja.** Minamoto no Noriyori, brother of Yoritomo.
7. **Biwa.** A musical instrument resembling a violin.

CCXXVII

1. **Saint Hōnen.** See Note XXXIX.

CCXXVIII

1. **Bun-ei.** 1264–1274.

CCXXXI

1. **Carps of a hundred Days.** A hundred days' practice to learn how to cook carps.

CCXXXVIII

1. **Yanai-bako.** A case or rather a stand to hold some small utensil on.

CCXXXIX

1. **Three Temples.** Tō-tō, Sai-tō, and Yokawa.
2. **Sari.** A man noted for nice handwriting. Died at fifty-five in July in the 4th year of Chōtoku (998).
3. **Kōzei.** Refer to Note XXV, 7. Born in the 3rd year of Tenroku (972); died in February in the 3rd year of Manju (1026).
4. **Eight Disasters.** Grief, sorrow, delight, pleasure, search, inquiry, inhalation, and exhalation.
5. **Kaji-kōsui.** The special Buddhistic services, which are performed three times in the *Go-shichi-nichi* (as to which see Note LXIII).

CCXL

1. **Rō-shuku.** According to the ancient Chinese astronomy, there are twenty-eight *Shuku* or constellations. This is one of them.

CCXLI

1. **Shinobu.** Shinobu was the name of a county in the north district of Japan. *Shinobu* suggests "clandestine meeting." Kurabu is a mountain in Yamato. The *kura* of Kurabu means "dark."
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END OF THE TSUREZURE GUSA.

Errata

Page 6, line 3.....For *loot* read *look*.

Page 77, line 10.....For *unscathed* read *unsheathed*.

大正三年五月十二日印刷

大正三年五月十五日發行

不許複製

定價金八拾錢

英譯者 若目田武次

發行者 藤宮吉之助

東京市神田區南神保町十五番地

印刷者 宮坂誠司

東京市牛込區根町七番地

發行所 泰平館書店

東京市神田區南神保町

振替東京二四八五九番

◆日清印刷株式會社印刷◆



1.6

